

The Sketch

No. 786.—Vol. LXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



Miss Smithers
(Miss Nannie Bennett)

Miss Diana Massingberd
(Miss Lena Ashwell), Miss Kitty Brant
(Miss Christine Silver).

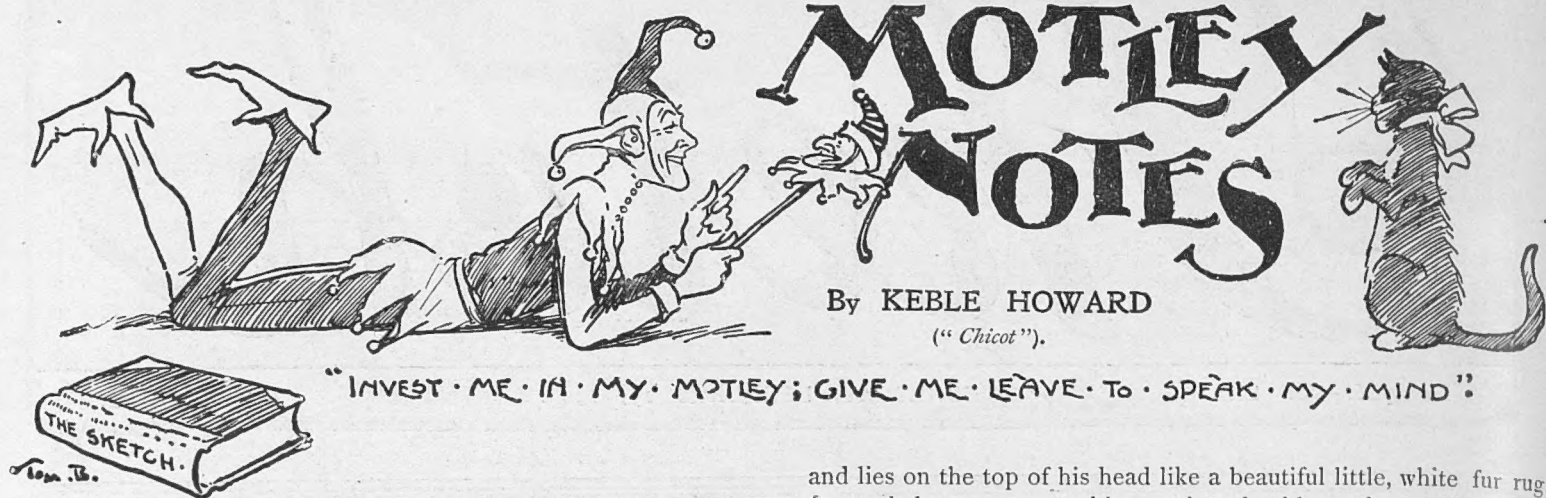
Miss Morton
(Miss Doris Lytton).

Miss Jay
(Miss Muriel Vox).

MISS LENA ASHWELL IN "DIANA OF DOBSON'S," AT THE KINGSWAY.

"FIVE BOB A WEEK, AND DEDUCTIONS" THROWN ASIDE: DIANA OF DOBSON'S ENUMERATES THE JOYS SHE WILL BUY WITH THE £300 SHE HAS RECEIVED AS A LEGACY.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

Good Biz. for Young Meredith.

Mr. George Meredith should be in the seventh heaven of delight. He has actually lived to find himself acknowledged. After the delay of a mere lifetime he has been placed among the immortals. Eminent authors have begged him, with tears in their eyes, to compete with them in the literary market. Eminent critics have pelted him with flowers. Everybody in the kingdom who can afford a library subscription has sent him a sixpenny telegram. The great daily newspapers, having recorded in one column that Mr. Meredith loathes every kind of publicity, have published long interviews with him in another column. Could there be a more striking tribute to the novelist's good-nature, or surer evidence that he has not allowed himself to become embittered during these nine-and-seventy years of waiting? What a lesson, indeed, for the young author! What a rebuke to the starving writer, who has learned to hate the names of Jane Austen, George Eliot, and all the other limp-leather darlings of the publisher's heart whose works have run out of copyright! I read that Mr. Meredith roared with laughter as he sat in his study, surrounded by flowers, telegrams, interviewers, and adoring brother-novelists. He must have been wondering what on earth they would do if he lived to be ninety. I sincerely hope, for my part, that he will achieve the century. What fun!

THE LESSON OF BOXHILL.

(The Good Young Author Speaks.)

'Tis true the pot is off the boil,
And you look thin, my dear:
Yet keep up heart! We'll feed on hope—
Till we reach four-score year!

'Tis true Aurora's toes are blue,
And Baby's laugh grows drear:
Hush them to sleep! Maybe they'll wed—
When we reach four-score year!

'Tis true I strive in vain to catch
The powerful critic's ear:
Weep not, my pet! His son will kneel—
When we reach four-score year!

'Tis true my fellows damn the books
They have not read, my dear:
Dry, dry those eyes! They'll all be dumb—
When we reach four-score year!

'Tis true my publisher's engaged
When I call round, my dear;
Aha! I'll strut in calf and gold—
When I reach four-score year!

*Shut up the house; draw down the blinds;
Get thee to bed, my dear;
I'll sit and write the books they'll love—
When I reach fourscore year!*

A Graphic Touch.

In all the pen-portraits of Mr. Meredith that appeared in the daily press I discovered nothing quite so graphic as Miss Catharine Welch's description of the novelist's hair. "The most striking thing about his appearance," wrote Miss Welch in the *Daily Chronicle*, "is his wonderful white hair. It is as thick as a girl's,

and lies on the top of his head like a beautiful little, white fur rug." It needed a woman to hit on that deathless phrase. I am quite sure, though, that it will be copied. We shall find Mr. Zangwill's hair compared to a lovely rich, new little doormat, and somebody will say of Mr. Pinero's head that it is really similar to a handsome great egg. Again, how could you better convey to a stranger the effect on the beholder of Mr. Hall Caine's back hair than by comparing it to a sweet Oriental blind swaying in the breeze? And would it not be helpful to say of Mr. Harry Lauder's legs that they are cameos in Chippendale? In this manner the skilful descriptive writer could soon furnish an imaginary room with the heads and limbs of celebrities. I myself know a distinguished artist who would make an exceptionally handsome sofa cushion; and there is a very well-known politician whose profile, repeated and interlaced as often as required, would form an amazingly smart wall-paper.

The Art of the Curtain.

By the way, have you noticed that many interviewers still find great difficulty in bringing their interviews to a conclusion? I don't mean that their articles are unduly long—the sub-editor sees to that—but they seem to think it necessary to explain to the reader why the conversation ever came to an end. How often, for example, have you read this sort of thing: "And now," said Sir Charles, with a fascinating smile, "I think I hear my cue. I must beg of you, therefore, to excuse me." Another dear old "tag" runs as follows: "And, having delivered himself with customary emphasis of this daring statement, the eminent dramatist darted from the room, leaving me to find my way out of the house as best I could." In this case, you see, the interviewer feels himself forced into telling a whopping lie before he can bring down his curtain. You may be quite sure that no eminent dramatist, or any other eminent or non-eminent person, ever left an interviewer to find his way out of the house as best he could. "Her merry laugh still rings in my ears as I write" is a fairly well-used tag, and you will also be familiar with the one that goes in this way: "At this moment, the sharp ringing of the telephone bell reminded me that even the most pleasant of chats must have an end. With many regrets, therefore, I took my hat—and my departure."

"The Journalist's Rest."

Ten or twelve years ago, when interviewing was a much more formal affair than the present-day ten-minute chat on the telephone, certain interviewers gave themselves prodigious airs, and treated their subjects like dogs. A friend of mine, a well-known novelist, told me one day of an early experience. He was living out of town a little way, and the interviewer did not arrive until just on dinner-time. He was invited, of course, to dinner, and business was postponed until afterwards. Over the nuts and port, however, the interviewer became reminiscent, and, when his host managed to remind him of the matter in hand, he discovered that he had missed his last train and felt very sleepy. So they gave him a bed. Next morning nothing was heard of him until noon, when he suddenly bawled down from the landing for shaving-water. From his tone, they judged that he was very angry, and the novelist thought it wise to say nothing about the interview until after lunch. After lunch, the interviewer thought he would like to study the neighbourhood. He walked my friend nearly off his legs, and they got back just in time for dinner. After dinner, the interview began in real earnest, but it was not half finished when the last train left. The interviewer slept a second night at the house, and just managed to catch the last train on the third day from the time of arrival.

THE DORMITORY SCENE IN "DIANA OF DOBSON'S": LIVING-IN AS A DRAMATIST SEES IT.

Miss Smithers
(Miss Nannie Bennett).

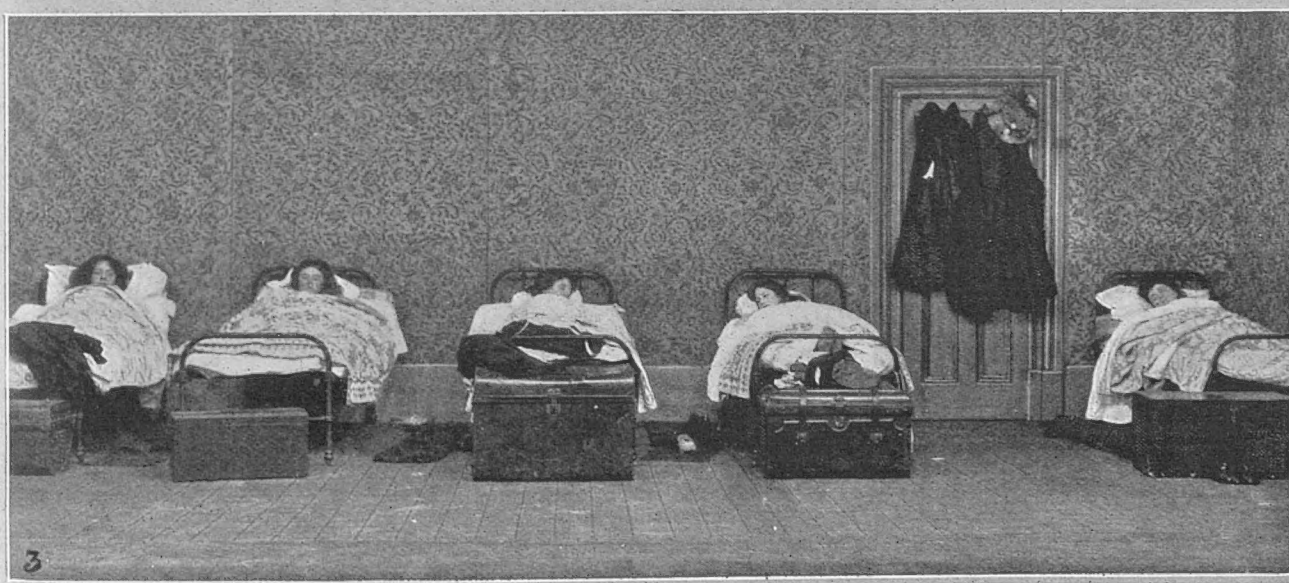
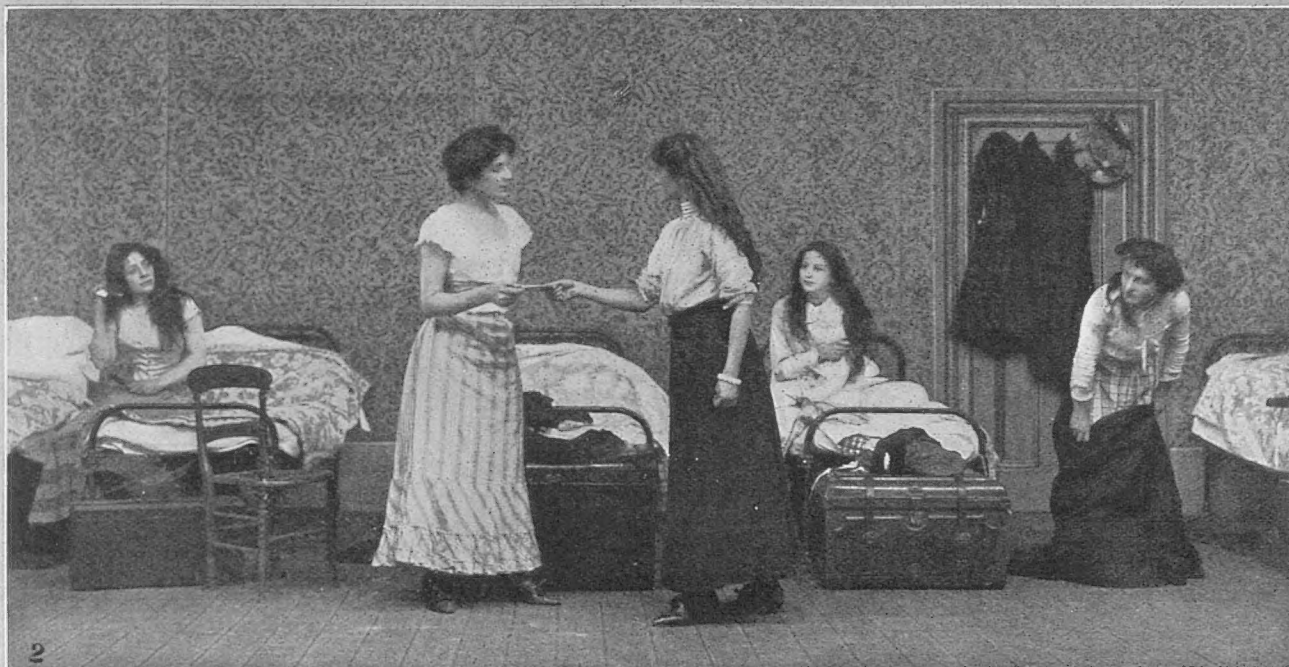
Miss Morton
(Miss Doris Lytton).

Miss Diana Massingberd
(Miss Lena Ashwell).

Miss Kitty Brant
(Miss Christine Silver).

Miss Pringle
(Miss Ada Palmer).

Miss Jay
(Miss Muriel Vox).



1. DIANA, SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SHE HAS £300, DEFIES MISS PRINGLE, THE FOREWOMAN, AND "STANDS" THE OTHER ASSISTANTS' FINES.

2. DIANA RECEIVES THE TIDINGS OF HER LEGACY.

3. THE ASSISTANTS LIVING-IN AT DOBSON'S GET TO SLEEP AT LAST, AFTER THE EXCITING NEWS OF DIANA'S FORTUNE.

Diana is one of the assistants living-in at Dobson's drapery establishment, and is in receipt of a salary of five shillings a week, a sum usually lessened considerably by deductions in the shape of fines for unbusinesslike conduct. One night she receives a letter stating that she has been left a legacy of £300, and at once decides to have at all events one glorious month in which she can do as she likes and spend what she likes. Thereupon she defies the tyrannical forewoman, and arranges to leave Dobson's on the following morning. Then she goes to Switzerland, where, in order to enjoy greater liberty, she lets herself be known as Mrs. Massingberd, a widow. While she is there she meets Mrs. Cantelupe and Captain the Hon. Victor Bretherton, an impoverished younger son, late of the Welsh Guards. Captain Bretherton is evidently attracted by her, and Mrs. Cantelupe, insisting that he must marry money, duly "pumps" Diana, who says that at the moment her income is at the rate of £3600 a year. Thus an engagement is made possible, and Captain Bretherton proposes.—

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

A SHOP-GIRL'S LIFE AT THE RATE OF £3600 A YEAR,
AND AS AN OUT-OF-WORK ON THE EMBANKMENT: "DIANA OF DOBSON'S," AT THE KINGSWAY.



1. IN THE DAYS OF £300 A MONTH: DIANA TELLS MRS. CANTELUPE (MISS FRANCES IVOR) THAT HER INCOME IS AT THE RATE OF £3600 A YEAR.

2. MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS POLICE-CONSTABLE FELLOWES.

3. CAPTAIN BRETHERTON (IN THE GUISE OF A TRAMP) AND
DIANA MEET ON THE EMBANKMENT.

4. DIANA AND CAPTAIN BRETHERTON (MR. C. M. HALLARD) SHARE
"TWO CUPS OF THICK AND FOUR DOORSTEPS."

—When he has done so Diana tells him the truth, and—when he tells her that she has placed him in a very awkward position—a good many more truths. So embittered is she by the thought that his attentions were paid to her money alone, that she harangues him fiercely on the uselessness of his own life and of that of his class. Then, her money having come to an end, she goes back to London. Unable to obtain work, she at last comes to sleeping on the Embankment, where one night she recognises Bretherton in the guise of a tramp. Determined to prove that she was wrong about his capacity to earn his own living, he has resolved that he will do so for six months at least. He has failed miserably, but he has sworn not to touch a penny of his money during that time, and is man enough to stick to his word in spite of many temptations. So it comes about that Bretherton realises the value of an income which he had believed inadequate for one, much less for two. Again he proposes, and this time is accepted.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

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SMALL
TALK

STAGE BEAUTY AND AUTHOR OF A BOOK
ON BEAUTY: MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

Photograph by Bassano.

ago, the wife of a distinguished and popular divine, the late Mrs. Haweis, published a volume entitled "The Art of Beauty," which made quite a mild sensation in the 'eighties, for it set out to tell certain secrets, and was a practical guide to loveliness. It will be interesting to see if the noted Anglo-American actress will do her book on the same lines, or whether she will simply content herself with writing what may be called a book-making book. Most people dare to hope that she will teach others of her sex to be as beautiful as she is herself.

A Versatile Grand Duke. The Grand Duke Constantine is by far the most versatile of the young Tsar's relations. Not only is he a playwright, but he is also an actor; and not many years ago he took the part of Hamlet in a performance which was witnessed both by the imperial family and by certain select members of Petersburg society. The Grand Duke and his wife—who is a charming German Princess—are credited with liberal views, and accordingly the

MRS. BROWN-POTTER, whom very many people account the most beautiful woman in two continents—for though American by birth, she lives almost entirely in England—is engaged on a volume which may be regarded as likely to be an expert work on her part, for it is to deal with beauty and is to consist of recipes "picked up" in the many countries its author has visited. Some years

ago, she is a fine musician, and at one time, before "the call of the stage," was a hospital nurse. She started in the chorus, but at once worked her way up, and she can look back to having been a valued member of the companies of Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as well as of those of many minor lights. Mrs. Vedrenne is of the utmost use to her gifted husband, both

in the matter of the choice of plays and in stage production.



WIFE OF A POPULAR THEATRICAL
MANAGER: MRS. J. E. VEDRENNE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Their Popular Excellencies.

Lord and Lady Raglan, for whom the little Man Island is getting up a presentation on their silver wedding, on the 28th inst., have made themselves extremely popular at Government House. Lord Raglan is a splendid type of the bluff English gentleman, and when he was in the Guards he used to be known as "Old Honesty," otherwise "Chaux." He is a magnificent shot, who has had great experience at big game in India. He never wears a frock-coat when he can help it, nor, for the matter of that, a collar-stud; and if he were searched at any given moment, two or three old briar-pipes would of a certainty be found on him. Lady Raglan is one of the Ponsonbys—a sister of Lord Bessborough. It will be in the recollection of a good many people that at the time of the Coronation she invented a novel and ingenious method of raising money for charity, for she clad herself in her full robes, and gave receptions from five to seven for the benefit of a cottage hospital.



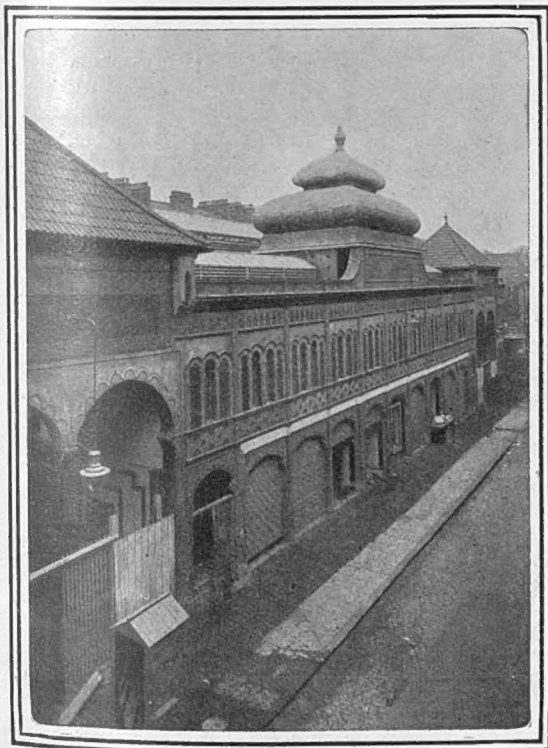
RUSSIA'S ROYAL ACTOR: THE GRAND DUKE
CONSTANTINE.

The Grand Duke, who, it will be remembered, translated "Hamlet" into Russian, recently dramatised "Quo Vadis." His adaptation of Sienkiewicz's work was produced at the Ermitage Palace, and the Duke himself played the principal part.

Grand Duke does not go in fear of assassination, as do so many of his close relatives. He is the father of six sons and two daughters—all exceptionally fine and healthy young people; and last year he amused his friends by issuing, for private circulation only, a volume entitled "Some Hints on the Determination of Sex. By a Non-Medical Man." His Imperial Highness knows English as well as he does his native language, and it is probable that in the event of further political upheavals in Russia he will come and settle in this country.

Mrs. J. E. Vedrenne. Everyone connected with the

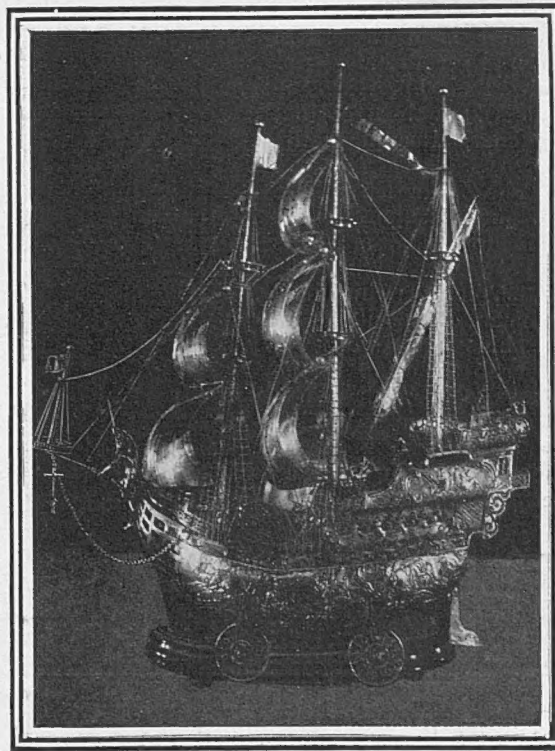
Barker management seems to be fortunate in matrimony. Mrs. Bernard Shaw is in her way as considerable a personage as her famous spouse. Mrs. Granville Barker has won as many stage laurels as has the author of "Waste," and Mrs. Vedrenne is pleasantly remembered by playgoers under her old name of Phyllis Blair. Mrs. Vedrenne is a very versatile



A MOORISH MARKET IN EAST LONDON.

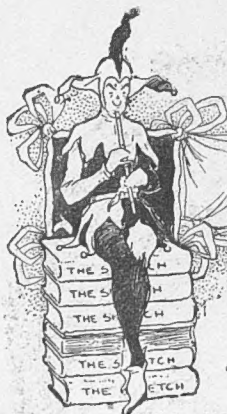
It is anticipated that the elaborate shops illustrated will take the place as a business centre of the famous Petticoat Lane.

Photograph by Park.



THE KAISER'S MASCOT.

The German Emperor takes with him everywhere the beautiful silver ship here illustrated. Our photograph was made on board his Imperial Majesty's yacht.—[Photograph by Silk.]



THE CLUBMAN

"THIEVES OF THE THIEVES"—HOW THE ZAKKA KHEL'S FIGHT—SNIPING—MAIDAN.



"THIEVES of the thieves" is the name given to the Zakka Khels by the other Afridi tribes, half in contempt, half in admiration.

According to Pathan ideas, to be a thief is to follow a quite legitimate profession, and one that may lead to high honours; but the Zakka Khels are considered by the other tribes to "play the game rather too low down," to thief meanly, and to carry treachery too far. The laws of hospitality, observed by other tribes, mean nothing to the Zakka Khels. If anyone has cattle or rifles or ammunition that are obtainable by any foul means they obtain them, and a spice of treachery and the cutting of a few throats give a zest to the getting of the booty.

In India I used to be told that the mode of accepting an infant into the Kakka Khels, the equivalent to our baptism, was to pass the child backwards and forwards through a hole in a stone wall, while some mystic sentences were pronounced, the most important of which was "Be a thief! Be a thief!" A sneaking thief the Zakka Khel is, and a murderer in the dark; but he is also a first-class fighting man, and when he does come to close quarters he is as dangerous as any of the other Afridis. But what he loves is to wait in numbers, as do the vultures, and to swoop down on some small body of troops. When in the Tirah Expedition a river—the Bara, I think—rose, and a small force of the British were separated by it from the main body, the Zakka Khels were the first to see what had happened, and these long-haired men of the mountains, in dirty robes and with the heavy straight knives in their hands, streamed down to get to hand-grips with their prey. The bullets kept them off, but they charged magnificently.

The Zakka Khels have brought "sniping" at night to a fine art. As it grows dusk, and the British picquets which held commanding positions on the hills are drawn in closer to the camp in the valleys, the Afridi sharpshooter unobtrusively takes up a position in some sheltered nook whence, in perfect safety, he can point a rifle-barrel towards the camp. He arranges marks, so that by firing over two white-topped twigs, or some other equally simple arrangement, he can put a bullet in the thickest darkness time after time very near the General's tent, or the tethered horses, or the hospital. All through the night he fires, at long intervals, being sure that, even if he kills no one, he is giving quite a number of people a bad night's rest. There

is nothing so unnerving as these bullets coming into camp, dropping, as it were, from the sky; and the labour of making banks or barricades as a shelter is so great that most men prefer to take the risk of being shot rather than dig in ground like iron when they are dead tired.

Before dawn the Gurkhas and the other hill-men on the British side go out to stalk the snipers. The sniper, under his big boulder, generally hears them coming, for his ears are as keen as his eyes, and when the stalkers arrive they find the nest warm, but the bird gone. If a Gurkha does find the man of the Zakka Khels leisurely preparing for his next shot, the kukri does its work before the Afridi can raise his knife.

In the last expedition, ten years ago, against the Afridis, the Zakka Khels were punished more severely than any other clan of the big tribe; but the boys who looked on at the fighting then are men now; each of them has got a rifle, and each of them is longing for war. The great pleasure of their lives is a fight. That their huts will be burned and their towers blown up are disagreeable incidents inseparable from a tussle; but they regard these just as our hard-riding division regard falls in the hunting-field, and towers and huts are soon built again.

The Zakka Khels must have found some new place of safety to which to send their cattle and wives and children. Before the Tirah campaign, the Valley of Maidan used to be the place of refuge. According to the hill-men, it was a spot of marvellous beauty, with gigantic trees and wonderful temples and many green fields, and streams of crystal purity. Ten years ago, the British troops fought their way to this paradise, to find that it is quite an ordinary valley, and that the gigantic trees and the magnificent temples existed only in the Afridi imagination. They found the house of the Mullah who had been foremost in preaching war against the British, and burned it, and they proved to the hill-men that there was no spot safe from British troops when they had made up their minds to get there.

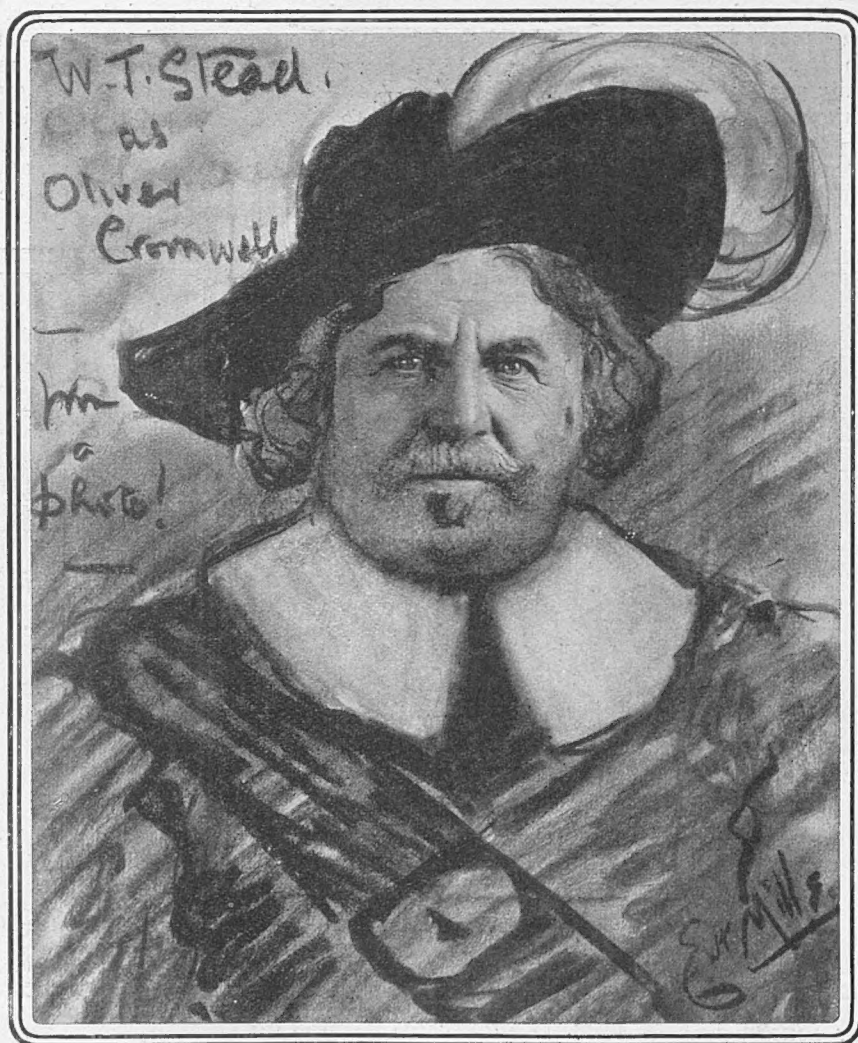
The Afridis as a body, it must be hoped, will not help the offending clan, for though the Zakka Khels can put only a few thousand fighting men into the field, the Afridis, should all the clans rise, can muster between thirty and forty thousand of the best shots and most fearless swordsmen on the border.



SAVED FROM THE RAZOR FOR ANOTHER YEAR: MR. W. T. STEAD.

The fact that the London Pageant has been postponed for a year has saved Mr. Stead, for the present, from the possibility of having to shave, in order to impersonate Oliver Cromwell. By his own showing Mr. Stead has never used a razor, and his beard was not trimmed until he was over forty.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

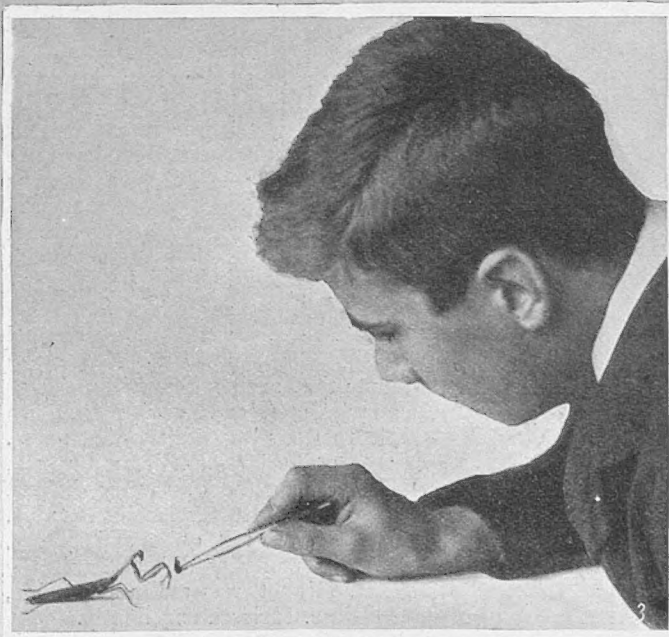
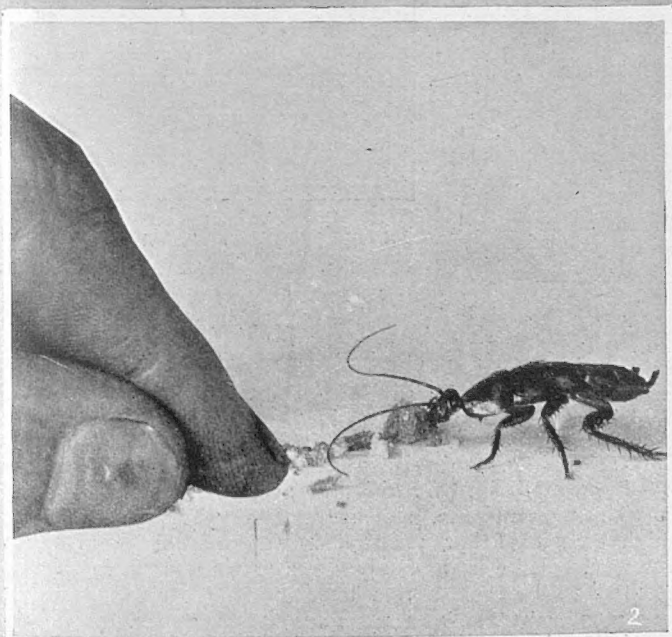


SHAVED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER: MR. W. T. STEAD AS OLIVER CROMWELL.

As is generally known, Mr. Stead's reverence for the memory of Oliver Cromwell is so great that, rather than that the Protector should be left out of the London Pageant, he has offered to shave his face, and, if necessary, even his head, that he may be in a position to impersonate him for the occasion. In order to give an idea of how the famous editor and publicist would look as Cromwell, the photographer has taken a portrait of him, has removed the beard, and has drawn on the Cromwellian hat and so on.—[Composite Photograph and Sketch by E. H. Mills.]

SOCIETY'S STRANGE PLAYFELLOWS:
PET COCKROACHES, PRAYING-INSECTS, AND EAGLES.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



1. FRAU BRUNO LILJEFORS, WIFE OF THE ARTIST, WITH HER PET EAGLES.

2. A TAME COCKROACH TAKING A MEAL.

3. FEEDING A PET PRAYING-INSECT (MANTIS) WITH A FLY.

Photograph No. 1 by L. E. A.; Nos. 2 and 3 by Percy Collins.



By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT—"ROSMERSHOLM"—"DIANA OF DOBSON'S"—THE SICILIANS.

THE maleficent influence of the process of dramatising novels has shown itself pretty clearly this year—in no case so clearly as in the new play at the Garrick. "George Fleming," who has adapted the novel "Kronstadt," in the past has written plays of very considerable ability; we have lively recollections of "Mrs. Lessingham" and also of "The Canary." But in "The Woman of Kronstadt" one looks vainly for evidence of her talents. It would be unfair to suggest that the collaboration with her of Mr. Max Pemberton, author of the novel, has paralysed her. Possibly it is exceedingly difficult to extract a play from the book; if so, what an excellent reason for leaving it alone! No doubt the first act was successful, and it may be that plenty of people will like the other two, and be indignant with those who complain of their want of common-

sense and with the members of the audience who "guyed" the big speech. It is not just, I think, to suggest, as some have done, that the piece suffers from the unsuitability of Mrs. Russ Whytal for the principal part. The play went very well during the first act, which might have been acted differently; in the second and third her method seemed to me the correct one, and her performance quite strong and sound. Mr. O. B. Clarence played the Deputy Governor's character cleverly; Mr. Charles Bryant was manly and effective; Mr. Titheradge represented a Russian officer very ably; and Miss Edyth Latimer acted effectively.

"Rosmersholm," at Terry's for a series of matinées, reminded the critics of the old days when friendships were broken during squabbles concerning Ibsen. People do not fight about his dramas nowadays, but are apt to neglect them, which is ungrateful, seeing how much several of our playwrights have learned from the Norwegian



THE THIRD OF THE VANBRUGH SISTERS TO TAKE TO THE STAGE: MISS ANGELA VANBRUGH, Sister of the Misses Violet and Irene Vanbrugh, as the Hon. Mrs. Rigeley-Fane in "Her Father," at the Haymarket.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

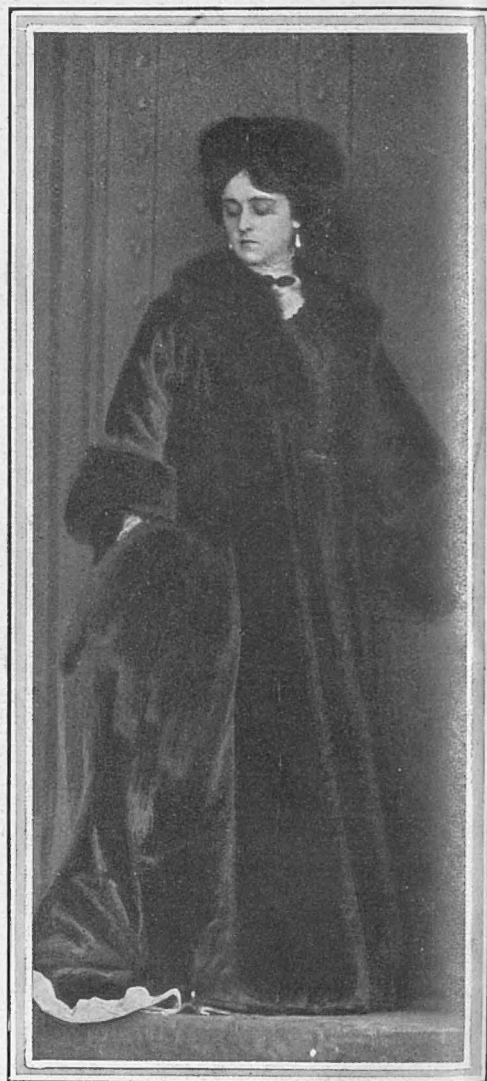
dramatist. It was rather unfortunate that such an exacting play as "Rosmersholm" should have been presented by an actress unknown to Londoners, and therefore unable to draw by means of her name. Still, Miss Florence Kahn's talents quite justified her enterprise, for she gave a strong, interesting performance of a very difficult character. Mr. Fulton played the part of Rector Kroll very ably, but the Rosmer of Mr. Eille Norwood was not quite satisfactory, for though his work was skilful his personality did not suit the character. The Ulric of Mr. H. R. Hignett was really admirable, and Miss Kate Bishop represented Mme. Helseth excellently.

"Diana of Dobson's" introduced a new dramatist to us—thanks to the wisdom and courage of Miss Lena Ashwell. Miss Cicely Hamilton has, I believe, had some short works played in semi-public, but the comedy at the Kingsway marks her real entry as dramatist—quite a triumphant entry, for the reception was very

favourable, and even if the absence of sickly sentiment may prevent the play from having a prodigious run, it is likely to enjoy, as well as deserve, substantial success. Much judgment has been exercised, and art, too, in handling the bed-room scene of the "living-in" shop-girls, and showing them undressing and going to bed, for it is so well treated that only the grimness and fierce humour of the affair impressed the audience, and the pathetic tragedy, also, of the toilet of the stately young ladies. Once more at this theatre we saw three clever players in the first act and not afterwards, and were sorry to lose them. Miss Christine Silver, Miss Nannie Bennett, and Miss Vox were the ladies, and all excellent in very different ways. As often happens in the works of beginners, the play flags a little in the middle, but it ends with a strong and original act good

enough to prove the quality of the new dramatist, and quite surprising in its reticence. There is a little gem in it—the part of a quaint old woman who "dosses" on the Embankment; it was admirably acted by Miss Beryl Mercer. It has been suggested that Diana is needlessly hard and bitter, and that this was over-emphasised by Miss Ashwell. I think this is hardly just. The character seems to me firmly and truly painted, and Miss Ashwell's performance, apart from a tendency to speak indistinctly in the lighter passages, was very clever and sincere. Mr. Hallard treated the difficult part of the invertebrate hero cleverly. Mr. Dennis Eadie's work as the greedy, vulgar "trade" baronet was very skilful—what a remarkably versatile actor! Mr. McKinnel's policeman was perfect. Altogether, we had a very clever, interesting play, acted in a manner creditable to our stage and the actress-manager.

At the Shaftesbury Theatre the Sicilian players are continuing their triumphant career, and reveal each time new aspects of what may without any hesitation be called genius. It was proved when their season began that Signorina Aguglia Ferrau could present the horrible in a form so vivid as to raise a doubt whether she was not transgressing the limits of legitimate art; in "Juan José," a play of Spanish peasant life, she showed a gift for brilliant comedy which confirmed her position in the front rank of the world's actresses. It was a study of a worthless little peasant girl tempted to become a rich man's mistress, yielding without any very great struggle, and revelling with a childlike delight in the luxuries of her new position; varied by a scene of starvation and hysterical passion under the blows of a humble lover mad with jealousy, and a death by strangulation distressing in its apparent realism. As the lover, Signor Grasso also proved himself, in his self-abandonment and his exhibition of a burning jealousy, an actor of the first rank.



AN OPPONENT OF "THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT": MISS EDYTH LATIMER AS PRINCESS MARY DE HESS, AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

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WITH THE DEAR FRIEND WHO MADE HIS NAME.



PROFESSOR ERNST HEINRICH HAECKEL, THE GREAT GERMAN NATURALIST,
WITH A SKELETON OF ONE OF MAN'S ANCESTORS.

Professor Haeckel, the famous German naturalist, who is one of the leading advocates of the biological theory of evolution, celebrated recently the Golden Jubilee of his Doctor's degree. He was born at Potsdam in February of 1834, and became Professor at Jena in 1862.



HON. SECRETARY OF THE CHILDREN'S
HAPPY EVENINGS ASSOCIATION:
MRS. BLAND-SUTTON.

Photograph by Thomson.

personally invested by his Sovereign with the Edward Medal in recognition of his pluck and reckless bravery in the Hoyland Silkstone Colliery disaster last November. Chandler, though severely burned, rescued two of his mates, and so truly deserves the great honour which is about to be conferred on him.

A Royal Pilgrimage. Next autumn the venerable Emperor of Austria will celebrate his Diamond Jubilee as ruler of the Dual Kingdom, and the Kaiser, who is nothing if not romantic, is organising a unique royal pilgrimage in honour of the event. The old-world company is to consist entirely of European rulers, their consorts and their heirs, headed by the German Emperor and Empress, who will be accompanied by a retinue composed of the many Teutonic Kings and Dukes owing allegiance to the Empire. Vienna is to be the scene of some unique festivities, and will become, for the time being, the hub of the royal universe.

A Future Débutante. One of the prettiest of future débutantes is the little daughter of the beautiful Lady Annesley, who resembles her mother in more than one sense, for already Lady Clare is following in her parents' footsteps and becoming a keen fisherwoman. Castlewellan, Lord Annesley's seat in County Down, is one of the finest places in Ireland, lying under the Mourne Mountains, and boasting of a splendid lake, which has been of late years fully stocked with delicious trout. Lady Clare goes by the pet name of "Sallie"; she is a god-daughter of Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and is a favourite child-friend of several other royalties.

Mrs. Bland-Sutton.

Mrs. Bland-Sutton, the brilliant and accomplished wife of the famous surgeon of that name, may be regarded as the good angel of London's slum children, for, while

THE King — partly, perhaps, by reason of his long connection with "the Delectable Duchy"—has always shown special interest in miners and their work. The Edward Medal is to the heroic delver in the earth what the Victoria Cross is to the soldier, and all over the mining world the name of Francis Chandler, of Hoyland, will now be honoured.

for that humble hero is to be

quite a young girl, in the days when she was still Miss Edith Heather Bigge, she started the Children's Happy Evenings Association. This excellent society is now one of the most important philanthropic agencies of the kind in the world, and has for president the Princess of Wales, who takes a very close personal interest in its work. As hon. secretary of such an

organisation Mrs. Bland-

A FAMOUS AMATEUR
SKATER:
MRS. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Sutton might well find her hands quite full, but she also counts among popular hostesses, and her beautiful house in Brook Street is the scene of many gatherings where Society and Bohemia meet on exceptionally pleasant terms.

A Famous Lady Skater. Mrs. Greenhough Smith is an Englishwoman of whom all British skaters should be proud. Not only has she performed remarkable exploits on the ice at Prince's, but she is very well known at Davos, where she succeeded recently in passing the First Class Gold Medal Test of the International Skating Club in the Continental style. This achievement has only once before been placed to the credit of a lady, that lady, it is scarcely necessary to say, being the famous Mrs. Syers. Mrs. Greenhough Smith is an all-round Diana; she is a fine tennis-player, a good golfer, and an intrepid and graceful climber. Last year she was third in the skating championship of Great Britain. This record is the more remarkable as Mrs. Greenhough Smith only began skating six years ago.

A Love Match. Quite the most interesting marriage of the day is that between Mr. R. C. Hawkin and Miss Marie Botha, which takes place on Saturday. It is one of the romances of the life political. Whoever would have predicted, when our forces were so stub-

bornly held by the Boers at Colenso, that the valiant and talented General of that brave little army would so soon become the father-in-law of an Englishman, and that his sister would be coming here to make her home in our midst? It is all very pretty and charming, and everybody is delighted. The future Mrs. Hawkin will be one of the lionesses of the season. Mr. Hawkin is the son of a Wesleyan minister, and by no means wealthy, but he is a man of ability, with a distinct faculty for political organisation.



DAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY:
LADY CLARE (SALLIE) ANNESLEY.

Photograph by Sarony, Scarborough.



THE QUEEN AS THE KAISER'S NEIGHBOUR: THE VILLAGE OF PELEKAS, CORFU, WHERE HER MAJESTY IS TO HAVE A PALACE BUILT.

It is announced that the Queen has decided to have a royal residence built in the picturesque village of Pelekas, Corfu. This village is situated on the top of a hill, opposite the Achilleion Palace, which the Kaiser recently purchased.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT.



HE (looking at No. 16, a picture of the Garden of Eden): Eh, Martha—what a good picture;
what's it supposed to be? Number Sixteen.

SHE (looking up No. 60): "Sir Francis Drake Receivin' Queen Elizabeth,"

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Struck
Homè.

Possibly the Afridis, against whom we are again sending an expedition, do not altogether object to the title of "Thieves of the Thieves," which their neighbours bestow upon them. Let it not be forgotten that chief of the glories of the King of Monomotapa, "Lord of the Sun and Moon," were the culminating distinctions, "Great Magician and Great Thief." To steal from other thieves should be an occupation appealing to Afridian humour, for these hill tribes have humour, if we may judge from the conduct of a native who fought against us at Malakand. He had served in a native Indian regiment, and had not forgotten the art of signalling. When the battle waged hottest he climbed to the top of a boulder with a flag, to become instantly the target for a hail of bullets. As these whistled by he signalled "Miss by the right," or "Miss by the left," according as the bullets passed him. At last a bullet took him right in the chest. He staggered for a moment, signalled "Bull's-eye," then fell dead.

Red
Gold.

The discovery the other day of a chest of silver buried in the river near Dublin will in all probability serve to set the treasure-hunters on the war-path once more. The craze recently rampant cannot utterly have died out. Buried gold to which poignant interest attaches is that which Hamada Effendi, an officer in the Egyptian army, died to save. He was among the prisoners taken by the Mahdi at El Fasher. Fiendish torture was imposed to make him tell where he had hidden his riches, but he mocked his torturers, and kept his secret. When his body had been reduced to one huge wound, he was saved alive in order that gentler hands might prolong his life—and his sufferings. They rubbed his hurts with salt and Soudan pepper. Not even this, though he was very weak now, moved the plucky officer. He was at death's door when Slatin Pasha rescued him.

A Secret in the
Grave.

Slatin was, of course, himself a prisoner, but he had sufficient influence with the savage in charge to get himself appointed the custodian of the tortured Egyptian, on the understanding that if

the latter divulged the whereabouts of his wealth, Slatin should report. Hamada Effendi was carried to the tent of Slatin, who washed and anointed his wounds, and treated him with tenderness. But the attention was too late. The Egyptian was a dying man. When the end was near he beckoned to Slatin. "My hour has come," he said. "May the Lord reward you for all your kindness to me. I cannot do so, but I will show you that I am grateful. I have buried my money—" Slatin stopped him. "Are you going to tell me where you have hidden your treasure?" he asked. "Yes," said the other. "No," said Slatin; "I will not and cannot use it. I secured your release from your tormentors on the one condition that, should I learn where your money is hidden, I should tell your enemy. Let your secret lie buried in the ground, where it will keep silence." "I thank you," said the sufferer. "May you become fortunate without my money. Allah Karim." And he died with the secret undivulged.

The Low-Born
Crocodile.

Professor Koch and his friends are not all agreed as to whether the parasites which the crocodile entertains in the weak joints of his harness are really the carriers of the sleeping-sickness bacillus. It would be rather a spoil-sport sort of thing for the crocodile for us to kill off all his family, only to find that we had laboured under a delusion; that sleeping sickness may continue with never a crocodile to stimulate us to activity in his old familiar haunts. This thing must be tested. The humble crocodile has lived too lowly a life. He must go up. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and so are the stony rocks for the conies; hence

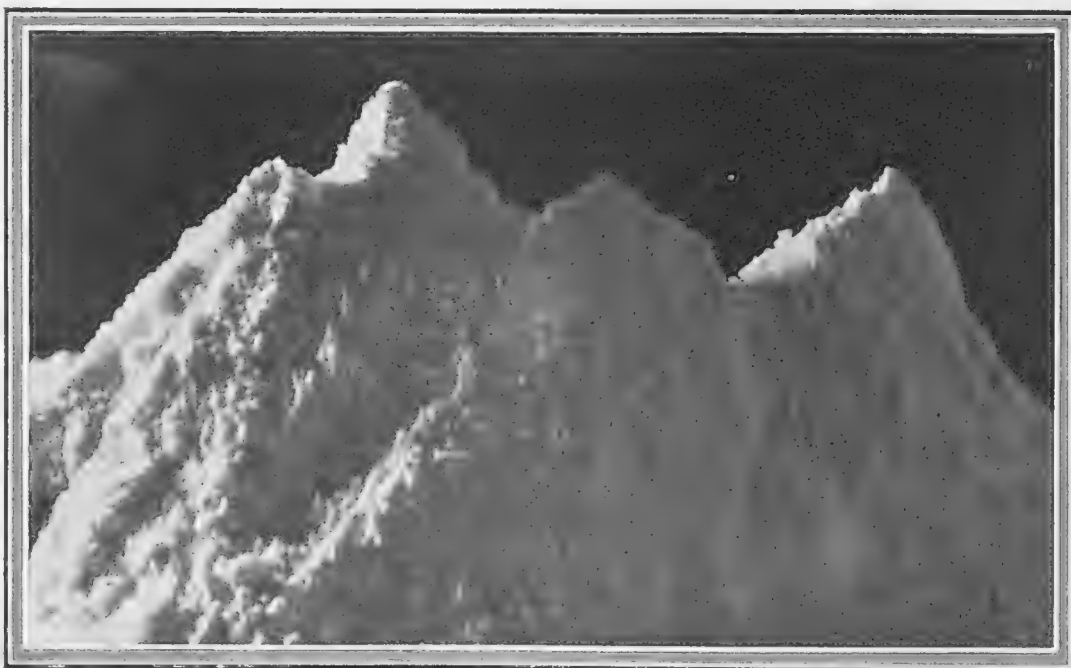
he should make hay in the mountains. Therefore, let him with his teeming hosts of parasites quarantine in the hills. Mr. Philip Gosse has discovered that, fourteen thousand feet up, birds and animals have no parasites. The fleas bolted from his mules when that altitude was reached; there was not a parasite to a flock of condors. This is the obvious solution of the problem. Not in anger but with judgment we must conduct the crocodile to the mountains, and leave the propagation of sleeping sickness to his betters.



"A MOUNTAIN PASS."—A PHOTOGRAPH OF COAL AND SALT PLACED BEFORE A SHEET OF BLUE PAPER.

DINNER-TABLE MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Photographs by Collins. (See the page "A Mountain that Might be Sent by Penny Post.")



"SUNRISE ON THE MOUNTAIN."—A PHOTOGRAPH OF POWDERED ALUM.

Behind the little heap of powdered alum was placed a piece of grey cloth. The whole was then lighted from the left with magnesium wire, and the photographer pressed the button.

A MOUNTAIN THAT MIGHT BE SENT BY PENNY POST.



COAL, SALT, COTTON-WOOL, AND A MIRROR: RESULT, "A MOUNTAIN LAKE."

The photographer who wishes to secure pictures of mountain scenery need no longer journey towards the snows. Behold what he can produce without stirring from his own house. In the particular case shown the scene was built up of coal and salt, with cotton-wool for the clouds and a mirror for the lake; the camera did the rest.

Photograph by Collins. (See "After Dinner" page.)



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS CICELY HAMILTON, the author of "Diana of Dobson's," came to dramatic authorship by way of the stage and journalism. She has played everything, from Shakespeare to the musical glasses, acting the heavier parts, like Emilia, the Queen in "Hamlet," and so on, and has had a wide experience in modern melodrama—in the stronger, adventureous parts rather than as the heroine. During the intervals between engagements she has been a free-lance journalist, and has written on a wide variety of topics in a wide variety of papers. Her first play was "The Sixth Commandment," which was produced in front of "Peter's Mother" by Mr. Otho Stuart. Then she wrote "The Sergeant of Hussars," which, after being produced by the Play Actors' Society, is now being acted in America; and "Diana," her first comedy, was accepted within a week of its completion. The basic idea was, the hard-up girl who comes to sudden affluence, and the environment of the shop came later. The play is really the outcome of the deep interest Miss Hamilton has always taken in women's industrial condition. This was probably implanted in her by the Hon. Auberon Herbert, to whom for some months she acted as secretary.

Once, when playing in a melodrama in the North, Miss Hamilton came near paying a serious penalty for representing a lady whose actions were unsympathetic to the audience. It was a Saturday night, when the rougher element in the theatre is likely to show itself in its true colours. In the middle of a scene in which she was plotting against the good young people, a man, carried away by his feelings, hurled a bottle at her. Happily, the contents of the bottle had made his aim inaccurate, and the missile flew wide of its mark and was shattered on the stage behind the actress. Had it been otherwise, Miss Hamilton's stage career might have been incontinently stopped. In that case, the Play Actors' Association might not have been founded, for she is one of its moving spirits. At the final performance last season, when no one would take the part of an Irish servant in Miss Grace Griswold's play "His Japanese Wife," because it was too small, she readily accepted it. The excellence of her rendering inevitably recalled the story of Macready, who was impressed to see some amateurs play. He sat wearily through their performance, but on the entrance of a man with only a line or two to speak he brightened up and cried—"Great heavens! they've got an actor among them!" It was true. None of the amateurs would accept the part, so they engaged an unknown professional to play it, and he proved that, given a man who really knows his business, something can be made even of a very small and insignificant character.

Miss Hutin Britton, who is playing Blanquette de Veau, her original part, in "The Beloved Vagabond" at His Majesty's, had a curious experience on the last night of the season in Dublin,

when the play was first produced. The Lord Lieutenant, with Lady Aberdeen, attended the performance, and when the curtain had fallen they desired to congratulate Miss Britton on her success. A message was sent to her dressing-room which she understood as one from Mr. Tree, asking her to see him. "Tell Mr. Tree," she replied, "I am dressing, and will see him as soon as I can get changed." The messenger went away, but returned in a few minutes to repeat his communication. Again Miss Britton sent word that she could not go, for she was behindhand as it

was with her packing, and she would be late for the train on which the company was to leave that night if she did not hurry; and she calmly went on changing. A third time the messenger came to her room. This time he said, "Miss Britton, it is a command; you have got to come, for it is the Lord Lieutenant who wants to see you." That settled the matter.

Hastily putting on a kimono, and with the make-up half off her face, Miss Britton was led through absolutely dark passages into the royal box to receive the congratulations of the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen.

Members of the audience occasionally let their feelings run away with them, until they actually believe that what is going on on the stage is absolutely real. An instance of this occurred in the early career of Mr. G. S. Titheradge, who is acting in "The Woman of Kronstadt" at the Garrick. At that time he was playing "Utility" at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth. The piece was an old melodrama, the name of which he has forgotten; and one night they had reached a thrilling scene, in which the villain, as an overseer, was presiding at the chastisement of an unfortunate slave. Mr. Titheradge, who was then sixteen, and another youthful aspirant to stage honours, were playing the villain's "myrmidons," and doing the necessary beating. Suddenly Mr. Titheradge became conscious of a commotion in the pit, which in those days reached right up to the orchestra. A moment later a sailor scrambled on to the stage. He made quickly for the villain, and, without any hesitation, gave him a blow straight from the shoulder

which knocked him over. At that psychological moment, deeming discretion the better part of valour, Mr. Titheradge fled. Then the sailor caught the bewildered slave in his arms and carried him off. The curtain was rung down, and the matter was explained to the sailor, who, it appeared, had just been paid off after chasing slavers for some years. He was overcome with remorse, and wanted to take the whole company to the nearest public-house and stand them drinks. Next day he made his peace with the villain, who was injured in more senses than one. Certainly not the least amusing incident in the matter was the bewilderment of the slave, played by an old pantomimist who was very deaf. When he recovered from his astonishment, he managed to gasp, "So 'elp me 'eving, I thought the bloomin' 'ouse was afire."



THE SINGING BANDMASTER: MR. MAURICE FARKOA AS VAN VUYT
IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

JUST CAUSE AND IMPEDIMENT.



THE KINDLY OLD GENTLEMAN: Well, my little man, and what's your name?

THE LITTLE MAN: Please, Sir, I dunno.

THE KINDLY OLD GENTLEMAN: Bless my soul, you don't know?

THE LITTLE MAN: No, Sir. Please, Sir, mother got married again yesterday.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AN inevitable "I told you so" has been heard in connection with the cessation of the *Tribune*. There is the man who always hated the name, and requested the Editor to change it with the second issue; there is the woman who wanted a daily article in French, offered to provide it, and prophesied the paper would die of the want of it; there was the poet who still has in manuscript the verses that the *Tribune* might have printed—and lived. Yet even the egotist and the crank are a little sorry that the *Tribune* has been unable to survive, for it was a plucky paper, both in its conception and in the way in which it hoped against hope, and even made merry on its birthday, with one foot in the grave. Personally, though I, too, had grumbles of my own against the paper, I shall long have a feeling of regret that it is dead.

No doubt a daily paper is a great gamble, though the doctrine that it can never be made to pay, except after long delays, is one that has been conspicuously falsified at least once in our own days. But there was motive more than money behind the *Tribune*, and in its brief life it did many services to the cause of social reform. It was liberally conducted, not merely in its politics, but in all its departments; and, like the Irishman, has squandered a fine fortune in paying its debts. The Murrays lost some £60,000 in their attempt to establish the *Representative*—an effort still remembered because Disraeli's name has been associated with it. A much larger sum has gone with the *Tribune*; but it is not on the loss of money that Mr. Thomasson will care to be consoled. The failure of high hopes for the establishment of a paper making for the general righteousness, as he conceives it, is the failure which counts with him, and wins for him the public respect. The paper is dead; but Mr. Thomasson lives to fight on other fields the battle of high-mindedness that must eventually win.

The election of George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and George Bernard Shaw to the membership of the International Society of Painters, Gravers, and Sculptors is one of those incidents which may be rather romantic or rather ridiculous, according to the mood you are in. A compliment to talent is always acceptable, and where it carries a little note of wildness with it, it will appeal especially to what is Celtic in two out of the three recipients in this particular instance. But these three men have stood, first of all, for the reality of things. They have contravened convention. They have examined the word, and, where it failed to run on all fours with fact, they have ruled it out of the race. From this point of view, three men who neither paint nor grave nor sculpt are not really in their right places in the International Society. The preservation of the boundaries becomes more than ever desirable in a complicated world; and the naming of a man one thing because he happens to be eminently another is a difference without a distinction likely, in the long run, to breed just such confusions of speech as the three authors in question have done their best to abolish. The otherwise admirable loin makes a poor show as a knight.

It is difficult for the Englishman to get English authors out of his head during a visit to Paris. It is a city stamped all over with the descriptive writings of his countrymen. After a lunch in the Restaurant de Cluny (where Stevenson's Loudan Dodd filled with good wines and rare meats a stomach that had for a week been starved on credit at a cabman's shelter) the stroll that takes you to the Louvre and to unsolicited thoughts of Thackeray is through a quarter haunted with rather sickly memories of "Trilby." And it becomes almost provoking when, later, while innocently sipping syrup in a café, you are reminded by its sign that Mr. Belloc has recommended its wine, or that Mr. Whiteing has written fully of an adjoining street you, in pursuit of novelty, had been tempted to explore. Do not explore Paris. Friday footprints will beset your paths, be they ever so unlikely.

But exploration is still worth while among the second-hand books. In this respect, Charing Cross Road is put to blush. Paris possesses twenty times such, and its second-hand books would cover the Isle of Wight, to use Mr. Whiteing's method of measurement, or supply with a book each inhabitant of London, to follow Mr. Lucas's method of enumeration. The shabby tarpaulined stalls of the *quais* Mr. Dobell might perhaps despise, but they have their interest, and their books are often far from despicable. Many are the stories of precious English first editions found among their rubbish-heaps; and if you will face the fatigue of back and forearm, and will turn the ear-marked contents of the portfolios of prints and drawings, your luck may be as brilliant, on occasion, as it is generally dull. It is not so long since an Englishman lighted upon an original Rembrandt drawing on a stall under the very windows of the Louvre. With a rather guilty feeling that it might be, and should be, hanging with its fellows in a gilded gallery on the other side of those windows, he somewhat hurriedly thrust it into his overcoat

pocket, and a certain crease shows on it to this day as witness to the sense of shame which befalls the man who purchases for one franc what is worth a thousand.

I see that the "Memoirs of Claude" have been translated by Miss Katherine Wormeley and are to be published by Messrs. Constable. Claude was a chief of police in Paris under the Second Empire, and his position has given his Memoirs an authority which they most assuredly do not deserve. While certain personages are still alive it would be impossible for any publisher, and ten times impossible for a firm such as Messrs. Constable, to publish a complete translation; and Miss Wormeley has edited as well as translated. That Claude is not a very creditable witness may be gleaned from the fact that he reports conversations between great persons which could not possibly have been heard by any ears but their own, and he frankly adopts the license of the novelist in this and in other of his methods.

M. E.



OUR VILLAGE THEATRICALS.

[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

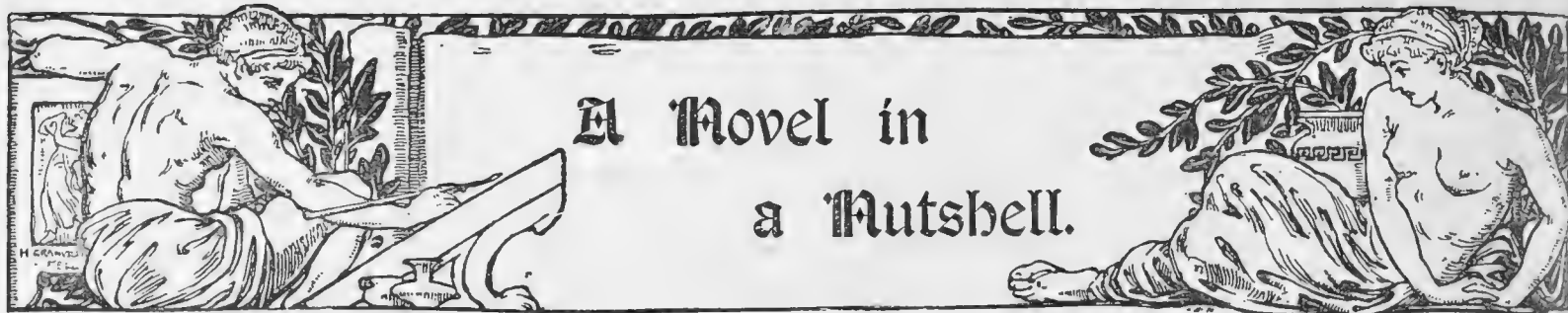
MUGGINS (as MACBETH in the duel scene): "Lay on, Macduff—an' dam' be he who first cries—" Look out, I say! You've got that sword too near my stomach!

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE REALLY BOLD.



ST. GEORGE (to the Dragon): Can you oblige me with a light?

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE BURGLAR AND THE BELLE.

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.



THE Burglar was in the act of pouring out a glass of wine from a decanter on the sideboard, when the door opened and a remarkably beautiful girl stood on the threshold, facing him.

She was clad in an elegant ball-dress, with a string of pearls clasped round her slender, shapely throat, and a crushed spray of lilies-of-the-valley nestling at her bosom. Her dazzling white arms seemed almost to flash in the bright electric light, which the burglar had been careful to switch on, and her wealth of gleaming hair was surmounted by a single rose, set there carelessly, as one may assume, in the sudden caprice of a maiden dallying in front of her looking-glass with little private effects before the final moment of retirement.

With one small satin shoe thrust delicately forward, and one hand still resting on the knob of the door, which she held open, her lips parted in an inarticulate gasp of surprise, and her great blue eyes wide open in sheer amaze, she completely justified at that instant her claim to be considered one of the prettiest débutantes of the past London season.

The Burglar, at the very first glance, conceded it. The slight shade of annoyance that had crossed his features passed instantly, as he turned towards her with a little bow.

"With your permission!" he murmured politely, at the same time raising the wine-glass to his lips.

"Who are you?" demanded the girl, her eyes still riveted on his face, as though in a kind of fascination, which nevertheless seemed singularly free from any element of terror—for the accents of the Burglar had instantly conveyed, by their subtle tone of culture, a strange and soothing sense of security to her soul, together with a vaguer sense of something, at the moment elusively, familiar to her memory—"Who are you?" she repeated, in a rather more peremptory voice, as he carefully set down his empty wine-glass on the sideboard again.

The Burglar passed a cambric handkerchief delicately across his lips.

"Oh, don't you know?" he replied, with an apologetic gesture. "I'm a burglar."

"A—good gracious me!—a *burglar*, did you say?" she exclaimed in a tone of incredulity.

"If you will kindly shut that door—?" he suggested courteously. "Yes, I'm a burglar."

She closed the door behind her and stepped into the room.

"Is that why you wear that horrid black mask," she inquired, "and drink claret at three in the morning?"

"I felt a trifle thirsty," he explained with a penitent air. "And the mask was, of course, a necessity. All burglars wear masks. They have to. It's a rule of the game, you know."

"A rule of the game? I don't understand," she observed, as she drew forward a chair and seated herself with deliberate grace. "Won't you sit down, too?" she asked. "You must be tired."

"So good of you!" murmured the Burglar with a little sigh of protest, as he settled himself comfortably in an arm-chair by the fireplace. "It's really very kind and obliging of you not to scream or go into hysterics, or adopt any of the usual feminine means of alarming the house," he added with calm approval.

"Oh, I wouldn't alarm the house on any consideration!" she answered. "It would spoil everything. And you might even be handed over to the police!"

The Burglar shuddered.

"Pray don't refer, even in jest, to any such disagreeable possibility," he implored her.

"Then I won't again," she agreed pleasantly. "But we shall have to be careful. Sir Thomas is a very light sleeper. The slightest noise wakes him. And he always keeps a loaded revolver in the drawer of his dressing-table."

"The deuce he does!" said the Burglar, sitting up anxiously. "I didn't know that. What an absurd and uncalled-for practice."

"It is rather stupid, isn't it?" she assented sweetly.

"Most stupid and reprehensible," remarked the Burglar with emphasis. "But," he added, in a tone of relief, "he would never use it—he really could have no serious intention of using it. You

see, the law doesn't allow householders to fire pistols at burglars—except in self-defence."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"I am not so sure of that. Besides, I'm certain Sir Thomas would never stop to think about the law. He'd just shoot on sight—if he found a burglar in his room."

"He won't," said the Burglar firmly. "I'm not going to his room. I'm quite satisfied to remain in this one—it's spacious and comfortable."

"Don't talk so loud," she warned him. "Sir Thomas sleeps just overhead."

"It's very kind and thoughtful of you to come and tell me," said the Burglar in a grateful tone.

"I didn't come for that purpose," said the girl, a trifle stiffly.

"Oh! Why, then?" he asked, a little disappointed.

"I came to fetch something I had left down here," she explained. "I had no intention of disturbing you in your—your little—"

"Predatory experiment?" he suggested obligingly.

"Exactly," she smiled. "Only I thought burglars generally called it by something shorter—job, or some vulgar word of that sort—?"

"Ah! the modern burglar is more polished—less colloquial," he explained airily. "I do hope," he added with sudden concern, "you have not caught a chill? The fire has been out some time, and the room—as you have perhaps noticed?—is growing a trifle cold. Your ball-dress—" He paused, with a gentle gesture of admiration.

"Oh, I don't feel cold," she assured him. "My dress is—"

"A delicious creation!" he put in enthusiastically. "If you will permit me to say so, it suits you to perfection. I will venture to swear that you were the belle of the ball to-night!"

She shrugged her beautiful round shoulders as one to whom such compliments came as a matter of course.

"The Claverings," she explained. "The room was rather crowded, but it was a jolly dance. I got home an hour ago with my maid. Sir Thomas, Lady Manton, and all the rest of the household were in bed and asleep. I sent my maid to bed, too, and then I remembered I had left my fan in the dining-room."

"So you came down to fetch it?" said the Burglar. "I see."

"Yes—and meantime you had arrived—by the window."

"It is an extremely convenient entrance," he pointed out, "and quite an easy one. The balcony is close to the front door-steps. You climb on to it, and open the hasp of the window with a strong penknife—really, I was quite surprised to find how easy it was."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," she agreed; "curiously enough, the same thing has occurred to me. Please, what's that morocco leather handbag for?"

"That?—oh, that's for the teapot," the Burglar explained.

"The teapot?"

"The silver teapot. If there wasn't a silver teapot (there nearly always is, you know), I was going to take a cut-glass decanter, or a tray, or anything handy of that sort—but I prefer the teapot."

She regarded him for a moment with the dawn of an appreciative smile hovering round the corners of her beautiful little mouth.

"Mr. Tolroy," she said sweetly, "I think you would look ever so much nicer if you took off that stupid black mask."

The Burglar gave a little resigned gesture; then he sat up and carefully removed the bit of black cardboard from his forehead.

"To think that you should have recognised me!" he murmured, as he placed it on the table beside him.

"Recognised you!" She uttered a low, musical laugh. "I recognised you the moment I shut the door. Do you think I should have come into the room and sat down and talked like this to a burglar I didn't *know*?"

"It certainly would not have been strictly proper," he admitted; "but I imagined my disguise to be quite perfect."

[Continued overleaf.]

The Wiles of Wily Willy.



III.—WILLY CINEMATOGRAPHS A NEW COMET.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

"Anybody could recognise you from your voice alone, and the way your chin sticks out," she retorted. "And now you will perhaps explain why you are behaving in this extremely idiotic way."

"Idiotic way!" ejaculated the Burglar indignantly. "I don't see that it's idiotic at all! Unusual and adventurous, if you like—but idiotic——!"

"Well—'unusual and adventurous,' then," she conceded, "since you prefer it."

The Burglar looked mollified.

"My passion for daring enterprises"—he began.

"Led you," she interposed scornfully, "to enter a friend's house in the middle of the night by the window, and steal his silver teapot!"

"Ah, by-the-bye," rejoined the Burglar, with sudden briskness, "the silver teapot! I was almost forgetting it." He got up from his chair and cast a searching glance round the room. Then he turned to the girl, with a slight expression of annoyance. "Really, it's very irritating," he remarked, "but I don't see the thing anywhere. Do you happen to know where it's kept, Miss Trevor?"

"Would you like me to fetch it for you?" she asked with elaborate irony.

The Burglar bowed.

"If you would be so extremely kind," he replied.

"Upon my word," she retorted petulantly, "you are incorrigible. You take everything I say seriously."

"But I really *want* the teapot," he rejoined in plaintive tones.

"*Why* do you want it?" she demanded, turning a pair of wrathful eyes upon him. "What on earth's the use of a teapot to *you*?"

"No use at all," admitted the Burglar. "I hardly ever drink tea; but a teapot is the sort of article that is most likely to carry conviction. Burglars always collar teapots and spoons. A teapot is probably what they expect, you see."

"What they expect? What *who* expect?" she exclaimed impatiently. "I don't see at all!"

"Why, those silly Johnnies who made the bet with me, of course," he explained.

"A bet! O-oh!" She drew the exclamation out on a gradual note of comprehension. "I begin to understand. So you have made a bet with somebody?"

He looked at her reproachfully.

"Surely you don't think I am such an intolerable idiot as to break into a person's house at night and run the fearful risk of being shot by Sir Thomas just for *fun*, do you?"

"To say nothing," she added, with a pout, "of frightening *me* to death."

"You would not give a casual observer the impression of being frightened to death," retorted the Burglar, after a conscientious survey of her features. "Besides, I really hadn't the faintest notion you were staying in Sir Thomas's house—I thought you were with your uncle and aunt in Grosvenor Square."

"I only came here yesterday for a short visit," she acquainted him, "while my uncle and aunt were away. They had to go down into the country. So it was a bet, was it?"

"Certainly," said the Burglar. "I was dining to-night with Charlie Craster and Lord Penhurst, and they bet me a pony I wouldn't burgle Sir Thomas's house and fetch away a silver teapot, or something of the kind—to prove I had really got in, you know; and I took the bet, and they are waiting round at Craster's chambers for me now."

"How awfully interesting!" she said, leaning forward with parted lips. "And that stupid Lord Penhurst actually bet you a pony you wouldn't do it?"

"Actually," said the Burglar. "And I really can't afford to lose it, you see. That's why I want the teapot."

"But"—she knitted her brows together in perplexity—"what do you want a *pony* for, Mr. Tolroy? You've got one horse already, haven't you?"

"A pony," he explained, glancing at her severely, "is not an animal—I mean, not *always* an animal," he corrected himself. "In this case it is a sum of fifty pounds, which I should regret extremely having to hand over to Penhurst and Craster."

"I think I should too," she remarked pensively. "Both Mr. Craster and Lord Penhurst are quite rich enough as it is, whilst you——" She paused and bit her lip.

"Oh," said the Burglar, "don't mind finishing the sentence, please. I'm *not* rich. I'm only a younger son, and—to be quite candid with you—I have been seriously thinking of taking up some profession lately. Burglary struck me as a not unprofitable one."

"And you mentioned this intention to your friends at dinner?"

"Well, to be accurate—after dinner," he admitted. "They agreed that the idea was good, but not practicable. I offered to prove that it was both. Hence the bet, you see."

"And your anxiety for the teapot," she put in.

"Pardonable under the circumstances!" he hazarded, with an apologetic wave of the hand.

"You are not fitted to be a burglar," she said decisively. "You must choose another profession, in which you are less likely to—be shot by Sir Thomas!"

The Burglar sighed heavily.

"What does it matter, after all, if I *am* shot!" he murmured.

"It matters a good deal," she exclaimed with energy.

"To whom?" he asked in dejected tones.

"To whom? Well, to—to——" she paused an instant, "to lots of people—to your friends, for instance."

"Oh, *they* wouldn't mind much," he assured her cheerily. "They'd get over it in a day or two. I really don't think anybody would mind much. There are such heaps of other fellows to take one's place, you know."

"Don't be silly! *They would* mind. *Some* would," she replied, becoming a little confused.

The Burglar took a step forward and stood looking down at her with a sudden expression of earnestness.

"Would *you*?" he asked bluntly.

She lifted her eyes slowly and met his gaze with something of defiance in their liquid depths.

"And suppose I said 'Yes'—what then?" she demanded, the colour deepening in her cheeks.

The Burglar gave a curious little laugh.

"What then?" he repeated, "why—everything. You know I love you. You have known it from the beginning of the last season; but—I'm a poor devil, and I never dared to dream that—you could care."

Her eyes dropped, and she let her cheek rest on her hand as she gazed at the dying embers in the grate.

"Who dares greatly," she murmured, "achieves much."

"But *you*!" he made a mute gesture of protest. "You are the belle of the London season—whereas I am only——"

She looked up at him under her lashes, without raising her head.

"A burglar!" she said softly.

"Incidentally," he corrected her, with a gentle shrug. "Actually, a man to whom even a wretched fifty pounds or so is at this moment of some consequence. Why, you could have a plutocrat like Penhurst at your feet if you chose to raise your little finger."

"Thank you," she said stiffly; "I shall not raise my little finger—for that purpose."

The Burglar cleared his throat.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a little huskily, "that you would *really* consent to marry a poor man like——"

"Like whom?" she demanded, gazing straight in front of her.

"Like me?" said the Burglar, in desperation.

She raised her face and smiled.

"I might," she replied; "*might* if——"

"Ah!—there's always an 'if'!" he interrupted, a little bitterly. "If what?"

"Well—if he wasn't a *burglar*," she explained, with a demure sigh.

The Burglar straightened himself.

"I renounce the profession from this moment," he declared firmly.

"And the teapot?" she inquired.

He looked at her with a pathetic appeal.

"It means fifty pounds to me," he said apologetically.

She rose, and, crossing to the sideboard, opened it, and drew out a small silver teapot, which she held up.

"Will this one do?" she asked.

"Admirably," he said, brightening. "It's just the very thing. Let's put it into the bag at once!"

"Wait a moment," she replied, with tantalising deliberation.

"Before I give it you you must promise me two things. The first is, that you will return the teapot intact to-morrow; the second is, that you will never, *never*, NEVER try to be a burglar again—not even to win a horse?"

"A pony," he corrected mildly. "Yes, I will promise both things faithfully, if—observe, it's my turn now!—if——"

"Go on!" she commanded sternly. "If——?"

"If *you* will promise to marry me," he said, as, with a swift movement, he suddenly clasped her in his arms.

"Oh!" she cried, "you have made me drop the teapot—and the noise will very likely wake Sir Thomas!"

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated, stooping quickly and picking up the fallen utensil. "And he'll probably, in the excitement of the moment, shoot us both!"

They listened a moment in tense, anxious attitudes, but not a sound came to break the peaceful stillness of the house.

"Safe!" she exclaimed at length, with a deep breath. "Now, please, take the teapot and go—go at once, before you drop it again and really *do* wake someone. I will let you out quietly by the front door——"

"You're an angel!" he murmured, attempting once more to fold her in his embrace, but she eluded him with a quick, supple movement.

"No—not again—not once," she warned him, "till you bring back the teapot!"

The Burglar placed the teapot carefully in his bag, put on his overcoat, thrust the black mask into his pocket, and looked at her solemnly.

"Then I will bring it back to-morrow morning—early," he said, with quiet decision. "It is agreed."

"Penhurst," he said, an hour later, to a very sleepy young nobleman, "I don't want to disturb your slumbers, nor Craster's, but you can kindly write me out a cheque for fifty pounds. Here's Sir Thomas's teapot."

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MAJOR-GENERAL Sir James Willcocks, who commands the British expedition against the Zakka Khels, is just the man for that kind of frontier work. Hard as nails, with strongly marked features, and hardly an ounce of superfluous flesh, he has had ample experience of rough-and-tumble fighting on the Indian frontier. His great chance came eight years ago, when he was ordered to relieve Coomassie, and did it so neatly that he had the honour of being mentioned by name in the first King's Speech of the present reign. He brought back as a gift to King Edward a curious silver staff, bestowed by the Dutch Government on some by-gone dusky King of Coomassie. Sir James makes it a rule always to run a mile every evening before dinner, and to this simple device he attributes his splendid health. Certainly he was never a day down with fever during his three years' service in West Africa. He learnt his polo at the Court of Manipur, the birthplace of the royal game in India; in the centre of the polo-ground he saw the leaders of the Manipur massacre hanged.

A Paris Vendetta. Since the days of the Montagues and Capulets there have sprung up strange and violent quarrels between old friends and even close relatives, and in such cases it is almost always safe to echo the old cynical saying, "Cherchez la femme." The latest example of the kind is the violent feud which has just culminated in a Paris police-court, the heroes of which are the Prince de Sagan, bearer of a great historic name, and his cousin, Count Boni de Castellane. Both men are well known and popular with their own set, and the story goes that the Prince cherishes a romantic and wholly respectful admiration for the Countess Boni, the great American heiress, whose disagreements with her French husband have also caused much gossip. The ill-feeling between the cousins resulted in a

skirmish outside a fashionable church—in fact, that sacred Parisian edifice in St. George's, Hanover Square—and the whole of the ultra-smart world crowded to hear the law proceedings, the ladies coming thickly veiled and listening with breathless interest to the cross-examination of the two well-known Clubmen.



A REMARKABLE MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF A CHAMPION OF DREYFUS: THE SCHEURER-KESTNER MEMORIAL.

The monument was inaugurated at the Luxembourg the other day. Among those attending the ceremony was Major Dreyfus, of whom, it will be remembered, M. Scheurer-Kestner was a champion.—[Photograph by Rol.]

The Dance Cure. M. Giraudet is a wise man; M. Giraudet is a patriotic man. From the height of his office as President of the French Academy of Dancing he has looked down and discovered that the evils from which his country suffers would all disappear if only everyone would learn to dance, and, having learned, would continue to practise. One of the ills to which La Belle France is heir is shortness of population. Now, if only all the young men and maidens danced, there would be plenty of marriages, and no one would want to bother then about the slump in babies. Dancing, says its illustrious advocate, is the most wholesome thing imaginable; the flirtations, which may become so dangerous, take place when one is not dancing—in dark corners of the conservatory, and not in the full glare of the ball-room candelabra. Then, the French young woman is a victim of neurasthenia; if she danced she would not be, and neither she nor her brother would suffer from indigestion if they only tripped the light fantastic foot. Dancing is the best gymnastics for the anæmic young person. That is why the French Government ought to encourage it, concludes the worthy President of the F.A.D. Dancing clearly ought to be obligatory *chez nos voisins*—like taxes and the military service. There ought surely to be a Prix de Rome for dancing—a blue ribbon of the dance—and certain fixed periods of service when one calls up the Reserve of Dancers. La Belle France would be La Gaie France once again, and England, Merrie England, if such things could be.



THE DEFENDANTS, COUNTS BONI AND JEAN DE CASTELLANE.



THE PLAINTIFF, M. ELIE DE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD, PRINCE DE SAGAN.

10d. DAMAGES; £4 FINE: THE PRINCIPALS IN THE AFFAIRE SAGAN-CASTELLANE.

The *Affaïre Sagan-Castellane* resulted in a judgment in favour of the Prince, and Count Boni de Castellane was ordered to pay a fine of £4, and one franc damages. Count Jean de Castellane was acquitted.—[Drawings in Court by L. Salattier.]

KEY-NOTES

THE London Choral Society is very generous, and almost as discriminating as it is kind. Novelties are to be found in nearly every programme, and the last concert proved no exception to the rule. To be sure, the "Hiawatha" of Mr. Cole-ridge Taylor is not to be classed among the novelties, but Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's "Bells" is not as well known in London as it might be; and, in addition to these attractions, the programme included part of an opera called "Fra Francesco," by Mr. Henry Waller, and a setting of "The Beatitudes," by Mr. Edward Maryon. It is understood that "Fra Francesco" was presented recently in Berlin, but "The Beatitudes" was given for the first time. As far as Mr. Waller's opera is concerned, the prelude, soprano solo, and chorus are pleasant rather than distinguished, the work of a composer who has chosen the operatic form because it is popular rather than on account of its being the best medium for the expression of his gifts. Of course, one cannot judge an opera from a selection, and the work as a whole must have shown considerable merits to gain acceptance in Berlin, where the musical authorities are not altogether engaged in seeking to encourage British genius.

Of Mr. Maryon's setting of the Beatitudes a great deal might be said. The composer has an instinct for novelty, a gift of melody, and a response to a good many influences that are at work, or have been at work, in the realms of music. On the other hand, he is not always happy with his musical accents, and the well-disciplined ear suffers in consequence from the pronunciation of certain Latin words. Then, again, Mr. Maryon has not considered the great question of the relation between his music and what it is called upon to express. Fitness to the matter in hand has been defined by one of our finest living judges of music as an essential element in a good composition, and Mr. Maryon's score tends from time to time to become merely theatrical. Had he not been setting the Beatitudes to music, we could have found little fault with his treatment, because, musically, it suffices, and the chorus has excellent opportunities of which it takes every advantage; but we cannot place sacred and secular music upon the same plane, and it is to be feared that Mr. Maryon has not kept the distinction well in mind. The work was well received, and would probably have derived considerable benefit from a few more rehearsals.

The Philharmonic Society gave its second concert of the season on Thursday night last, when Mr. Wood again filled the conductor's seat, and presided over a programme that included

the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, a new vocal scena, "The Bells," by Leoni, and a pianoforte concerto of Schumann, with Emil Sauer at the piano. Naturally, great interest was taken in Signor Leoni's work, first, because he has appeared before Londoners at the Opera House and in our concert-rooms as a composer of music that is by no means lacking in conventional charm, and secondly, because the Philharmonic does not give a hearing to novelties unless they have survived the judgment of very critical brains.

Mr. Leoni's score demands a very full orchestra; it is cleverly written, and has plenty of melody; but it fails, at a first hearing, to convey the sense of direct inspiration.

The great success of the Sicilian players in D'Annunzio's "Figlia di Jorio," and the praise the work has received as a drama, remind the writer that he saw the same play as an opera in Rome last spring, when it was given at the Costanzi with Baron Franchetti's music, and was a failure. Between the story and the setting there was a gulf that the artists could not bridge. The temperaments of poet and musician were apparently antagonistic, and for once Franchetti's gifts seemed inadequate. The man who can set great catastrophe to music and can summon up the hosts of heaven and exploit dramatic episodes on a very large scale seemed unable to handle the tragedy that D'Annunzio has expressed with such an unerring instinct for life and the stage.

At the recent concert given by the Kruse Quartet two most interesting items were quintets for horns and strings (by Dr. Ernest Walker) and piano and strings (by Sinding), in which Mme. Fisher Scobell was the pianist. It is exceedingly difficult to write effective passages for the horn, because nothing in the orchestra is less certain in its response to the man behind it. Of course, there has been beautiful music in plenty written from time to time—Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Beethoven's "Pastoral" and "Eroica" Symphonies may be quoted as examples; but the difficulties associated with the work are familiar to all who have had anything to do with it. Dr. Walker's music—interpreted by that most gifted player, Mr. Borsdorf—was very charming and very fresh. By infinite cleverness the composer has secured an appearance of simplicity. Beethoven's famous E minor Quartet from the Rasoumowsky suite was another interesting item in the programme, and this was led by Professor Kruse, who, it will be remembered, studied under Joachim and founded a string quartet some quarter of a century ago. He is one of the players whose brilliance is quite satisfactory because it is allied to very sound technique and irreproachable taste.

COMMON CHORD.



MARKING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF WAGNER'S DEATH: Mlle. BREAL, OF THE PARIS OPÉRA, CROWNING A BUST OF THE GREAT COMPOSER.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

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WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Why not Brighton?

If the King takes to going to Brighton, Society cats will follow to have a look at him, and the ancient glories of George the Fourth's favourite place may be revived. Personally, I avoid Brighton like the plague, because of its variegated and extraordinary climate, but the town itself is endearing, and has a little "air" that is its own. As all French people recognise, it is essentially *chic*. Its Major-Generals have the neatest waists and the most pointed moustaches on the English littoral. The beautiful ladies that you see in the King's Road have no age, and devote most of their day to the arts of the toilet. The Brighton-schoolgirl is the plumpest, merriest, friskiest specimen of the genus in the world, while the dogs of Brighton—the legion of high-bred dogs—are adorable. Moreover, motoring on the slippery, open downs is, I hear, one of the most exquisite ways of risking your neck yet invented, and this alone must recommend the place to a generation so satiated with sensations as to care for none that are not connected with danger.

Our Atrophied Faculties.

A machine which will keep our accounts for us is one which appeals to all to whom arithmetic is not a passion. No longer will woman be required to "chronicle small beer," or, if she does, she will in future at least be spared the labour of counting its cost. All those half-pennies and farthings which used to be our undoing once a year (when all conscientious persons try to add up their expenses), will be manipulated by a machine which cannot have a headache and cannot make mistakes. But it is a moot point whether these ingenious time and labour saving machines will not end by making semi-idiots of us. If we never use our mental faculties, they will slowly but surely become atrophied, and sooner or later our descendants will become incapable of any intellectual effort.

The Socialistic Waterloo.

The Headmaster of Eton adopted the methods of ancient Egypt when he allowed Mr. Gray and the Unemployed to harangue our future peers, legislators, administrators, and generals. Here was an opportunity of showing the elect of the earth a pretty skeleton at the feast, and the lesson is not likely to be forgotten by lads of such an impressionable age. Who knows if, after all, the Socialistic Waterloo will not be won on the playing-fields of Eton? But if the precedent is to be followed up, we must give our girls these striking object-lessons as well as our boys. Deputations of sweated women must be received at Girton and Somerville, and specimens of starving school-children be shown to Cheltenham and Holloway.

That American Accent.

At last our good American friends have acknowledged that it is they, and not ourselves, who have the "accent." This is a great step towards improving the American language, for up to now, the New Yorker, the Bostonian, and the San Franciscan were at one in assuring the travelling Islander that his speech

was spoiled by his "English accent." The Islander was too well bred, as a rule, to betray any emotion or astonishment at this accusation, but he thought a lot. Perhaps his thought was communicated to certain pundits on the other side, for an American Speech Reform Association has just been started, with the laudable intention of teaching young America to speak the language of England, instead of the weird and complicated tongue which is the result of the salad of races and nationalities thrown hodge-podge on to the American continent. Already the society has issued a pamphlet imploring its compatriots "not to splash your words one into each other," "not to talk through the nose with your mouth tight shut," and "not to use the same phrase a thousand times a day." Even by employing these simple expedients, the New Yorker might make himself understood by a Londoner without going to the trouble of learning Esperanto. As for the astute American girl, she has long seen the expediency of approximating her speech to our own.

Unadmirable Crichtons.

Though woman may be said to be, generically, a specialist, yet she usually suffers—when she adopts a profession—from not being specialist enough. In the sacred precincts of the home she is fondly supposed to know a little about everything, and to be an amateur doctor, sick-nurse, cook, butler, house-keeper, and what not. So, when she starts out to earn money, the instinct survives of pretending to know too much and to be an expert on multifarious matters. The "Society lady of wide experience" who recently advertised as willing to give "expert advice on matters social, financial, legal, and domestic," and would dress you tastefully and furnish you appropriately for the modest fee of half-a-crown, was just such a case in point. It is true the lady was an Oxford B.A., but even with that inestimable advantage she could hardly be an expert on all the topics mentioned. Female Admirable Crichtons do not grow on every hedge, and it is permissible to surmise that a legal expert is rarely doubled with a milliner, nor a financier with a talent for hanging curtains.



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A WHITE-CLOTH GOWN FOR THE RIVIERA.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Lord Percy, who speaks to-night at a dinner of the United Club, is a man of whom the world will some day hear a good deal. His bent is constructive rather than destructive, hence we see less of him in these days with his party in Opposition than when he represented the Foreign Office in the Commons. Some day he must become a considerable figure in our political life. He is a scholar, he has travelled far, and knows his Asia nearly as well as does Lord Curzon. In the transitory life of a politician strange things happen, but his friends regard him as marked out as a Foreign Minister of some to-morrow. He has the imagination and wide view essential to the office, and withal that transparent sincerity which counts for so much in a statesman's career. He has made many notable speeches during his Parliamentary life, but that which he delivered on the Congo question three-and-a-half years ago stands out above all the rest.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE holding of the postponed Court and another this month is due to two things—the consideration of the King for those who have been kept in town, and whose preparations were all made to attend in the first week of the month, and the Queen's wish that the King should get away to Biarritz at the time arranged. The death of the King of Portugal and his elder son very deeply affected the King, who regarded the late King Carlos as an intimate friend. London is having an epidemic of influenza, and the Queen is very naturally anxious that the King should keep in his present excellent health. The Courts will take place when mourning is changed, which will mean that those who are in any way connected with the Court, and all who are sympathetic with the cause for which it mourns, will wear white, grey, heliotrope, mauve, or black; white and black, or black and white.

An order for Court mourning refers merely to the immediate entourage of the King and Queen and members of the Royal Family. Loyal ladies of many ranks choose to interpret it as referring to all who are even most remotely, or wish to be thought most remotely, connected with the Court. It was odd to observe, in this connection, last week that at the wedding of Lord and Lady Ardee, women guests were with few exceptions in grey or black or violet, but the Princess of Wales was in bright emerald green and the Princess Alexandra of Teck in coral red. Their Court mourning was, of course, laid aside for the occasion, it being a joyous one. Very handsome did the Princess of Wales look in green chiffon velvet and ermine, and very stately. Her Royal Highness complied with the King's desire in attending the church and in not going to the reception.

At Brighton the King was able to see something of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, with whom he has stayed three times at Tulchan Lodge, Advie, for shooting. Mrs. Arthur Sassoon is a very charming and elegant woman, always well dressed and very graceful. She is an Austrian, a good linguist, and a woman of great cultivation. In the Highlands, where for some years past Mr. Arthur Sassoon has rented Tulchan Lodge from Caroline, Lady Seafield, Mrs. Sassoon is known as "Madame" and is greatly liked. She is kindness itself and always charming to visitors in the neighbourhood. The Prince of Wales has for many autumns past shot for a week or ten days from Tulchan Lodge.

Bright colours are to be a feature of dress for the coming season. They will appear to us almost garish, following on a period of mourning. For evening dresses these are, to my mind, of great beauty, for the bright colour is in thin veiling over white, which gives a delightfully fresh effect. Bright embroideries in the colour of the veiling are also used. For instance, a brilliant green Ninon-de-soie is scattered over profusely with bright little green discs in a graduated design like broad panels from hem to waist. This is over a full-pleated skirt of white chiffon or tulle, and the bodice is similarly veiled in ethereal and sparkling green. Another gown is in a pale shade of sapphire blue, like Indian sapphires in colour, and, like them, keeping blue at night. It also is flecked over with glittering blue metallic paillettes and mounted over white. The feeling for metallic colourings will crowd out the blues and pinks and greens that we have had of pale pastel tints. Browns and golds, bronze, coppers, and aluminiums we shall have, making the change very pronounced.

The new Palais de Glace, near Nice, is proving quite a place of assemblage. It is not unlike Prince's, but larger. Like Prince's, too, it is a smart place for afternoon tea, while afterwards there is an entertainment of a hippo-

drome character in the gardens. A friend writes that she loved the genuine enjoyment of some elephants in the water, into which they had slid down a plank. She says the dresses were only so-so; she thinks the smartest set have not yet arrived. Cannes looked quite deserted; there was no one about. I think the golf-links absorb many, not only players, but those who go to lunch and tea.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a gown for the Riviera. It is of white cloth. It has a deep embroidery of floral design in nasturtium shades on skirt and bodice. The long tucked sleeves are of creamy white spotted net, and the original belt and sash ends of black soft satin finished with a fringe. The yoke is of creamy spotted net. The hat is to correspond.

Lady Portsmouth gave the first of two receptions last week, on the Government side, at her pretty and spacious house in Mansfield Street. Being of the official circle, Lady Portsmouth wore a black crêpe-de-Chine handsomely embroidered dress, with fine diamonds. There was a nice show of early spring flowers in the room. Lady Portsmouth is very natural, simple, and kind, and makes an excellent hostess. She held the reception last year for the Government side on the eve of the Opening of Parliament. Lord Portsmouth is a lover of opera and a scientific man. They have rented Guisachan, near Beaulieu, in the Highlands. It was in the forests of Guisachan that the late Lady Tweedmouth did so many of her successful deer-stalks.

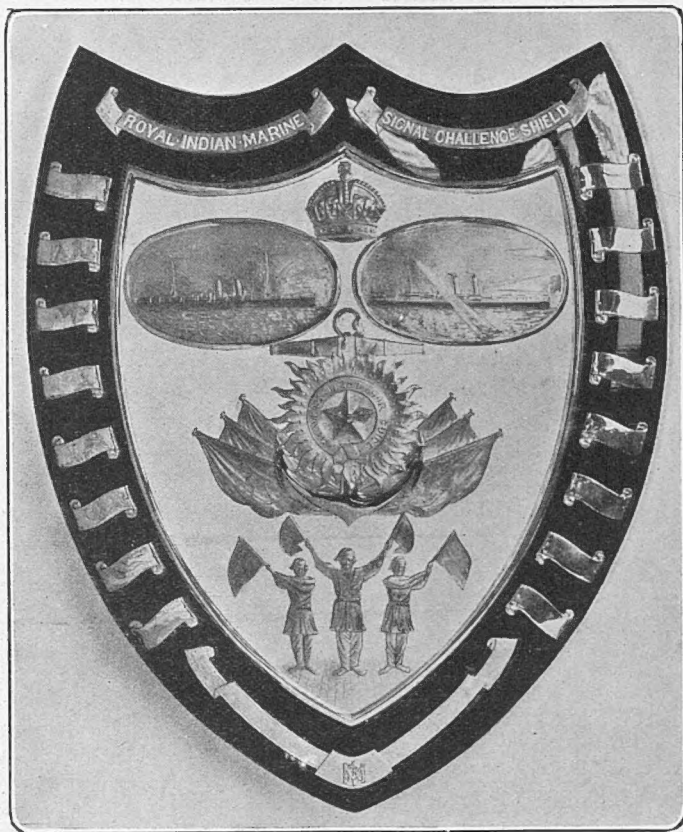
It is suggested by some people, who ought to know better, that it is no longer correct to carry a bouquet to Court. Many ladies of position are pointed out by way of example who do not do so. In almost every instance they are ladies who do not pass the presence, but are simply attending. When this reign began a statement was circulated to the effect that the Queen disliked, and wished to discourage the custom of carrying flowers to Courts. Her Majesty was approached on the subject through the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, who replied, on the Queen's behalf, that a bouquet was not a compulsory appendage to Court dress, and it was a matter for personal choice whether one was carried or not. The Queen is the most flower-loving of ladies, and is seldom seen without violets, roses, lilies, or carnations in her dress. A bouquet is not only a charming addition to a Court toilet, but becomingly occupies the right hand during the two necessary curtsies, while the carrying of it adds to the dignity of deportment in crossing the room before many eyes.

"There is nothing like leather." I don't know who is responsible for the saying, but it's a true one: our entire comfort and well-

being depend on how we are shod. Show me a man or woman who can look cheerily and healthfully out on the world from a standpoint of uncomfortable boots, and I will show you a successful candidate for wings. Americans have often declared their power to "lick creation"; now they are about to prove their ability to shoe creation. The Hanan-Gingell Shoe Company will open on Monday next, at 328-332, Oxford Street, a new establishment which will open our eyes to the comfort of being well and truly shod at reasonable cost. The company will have for sale only high-grade foot-wear, and have acquired the right to sell in London the two best-known and finest makes of boots and shoes of Hanan, and Wichert and Gardiner, New York. They have arranged for a supply of men's and ladies' boots and shoes which will be sold at a uniform price of 16s. 6d. per pair, which is less than these shoes have ever been offered at here before. The children's department will be exceptionally well and liberally catered for.

The Brighton Railway announce that their Continental Traffic-manager is prepared to reserve, free of charge, first and second class seats in the corridor-lavatory carriages running from Dieppe in connection with the 10 a.m. service from London, through to Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux, Upper Rhone Valley stations, and to Lake Maggiore and Milan via the Simplon.

To their already large and splendidly equipped fleet, the Great Eastern Railway Company have added the *Copenhagen*, which is to run on their express daily service between Harwich and the Hook of Holland. The vessel is a turbine steamer of 7600 indicated horse-power, and is remarkable for her stability. The first-class accommodation is similar—although, of course, on a much smaller scale—to that provided by the modern Atlantic liner.



A FINE TROPHY FOR SIGNALLING.

The trophy was presented by the officers of the Royal Indian Marine for the annual competition in all branches of signalling between the ships in H.M. Royal Indian Marine. It is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Co., 112, Regent Street, W.



SEEN AT THE HANAN-GINGELL SHOE COMPANY'S, 328-332, OXFORD STREET.



SEEN AT THE HANAN-GINGELL SHOE COMPANY'S, 328-332, OXFORD STREET.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 25.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"NOW," said The City Editor inquisitorially—"now, what do you call yourself?"

"Out-of-luck," replied The Jobber, with promptitude.

"I didn't mean that, you silly ass!"

"Really? So sorry!" returned The Jobber, who knew exactly what his friend the enemy was driving at.

"I," declared The Broker, "I—"

"*J'accuse*," quoth The Jobber.

"—am a broker, with a dash of the jobber in my blood, a slight shunting tendency, and a profound covetousness of double commissions."

"That is to say," The Engineer laughed, "you are a real specimen of the modern member of the Stock Exchange."

"You've hit it fine," The Broker complacently replied, relighting his cigar.

The Jobber leant across suddenly. "Thought so," he observed. "You'll lose this cigar-case, Brokie, if you're not more careful. Got a match, please?"

"Dirty thief!" growled The Broker. "My last cigar, too."

"It looks like lasting another half-hour," said The Jobber, contemplating the smoke. "A little green, perhaps, but I've had worse." And he puffed away contentedly enough.

"It's only Stock Exchange men who can smoke cigars in times of monetary tightness." And The Banker smiled at his own remark.

"How long?" asked everyone at once.

The Banker smiled again. "Until the third week in March, perhaps," he answered.

Broker and Jobber alike groaned.

"It does not necessarily follow that Consols will fail to rally," he pursued.

"People will discount cheaper money?"

"Just as they did in the early part of January, I consider," and The Banker smoothed out his paper.

"I'm hanged if Consols and that sort of rubbish aren't the best buy in the whole House!" exclaimed The Jobber.

"My belief is that our friend's in the right," added The Engineer.

"How about your vaunted Home Rails?" The City Editor queried. "Where are the rises there?"

"They avanted, I'm afr—" but the remainder of the reply was drowned in hisses.

"Buy yourself Consols—buy yourself Consols for a quick profit after a fortnight's lock-up, if need be," and The Broker looked around for possible orders.

They came later. Clients, as a rule, prefer to give their instructions privately, especially those concerned with speculation.

The Engineer admitted, however, that he was waiting to close some stock before opening anything else.

"Give it a name," The City Editor encouraged him.

"You'll laugh, but the fact is, I wanted a little gamble, and didn't know whether to get Mex. or Trunk. So I tossed up, and—got Trunk."

"What's that?" said The Jobber, looking up suddenly. "You got what? Oh, my dear Sir, how *could* you! Well, I'm told that soda and—"

"Trunk, Trunk Thirds, Grand Trunk Railway of Canada Four per Cent. Third Preference stock, I said," replied The Engineer with some heat.

"You said all that? Excuse me, but are you sure—"

"The Trunk dividend is hardly brilliant," The Broker objected.

"You're right," said the weary bull. "I shall get out at an early opportunity—"

"Here's one," said The Jobber, opening the carriage door.

"The market is full of bears," said The Broker. "But apart from them I can't quite see where the support is coming from."

"I begin to think that a good 5 per cent. investment is as useful as most things," said The Solicitor enigmatically.

"But where are you to get it? Industrials?"

"Foreign Government Bonds pay 5 per cent.," suggested the Broker. "Russia, Japan, Argentine, Chili, Brazil, Cuba—you can get 5 per cent. all round on your money."

"And with no particular chance of the countries defaulting," put in The Engineer. "Perhaps they are better than my well-beloved Mex. Firsts."

"Different class of article," responded The Broker. "Mex. Firsts are a capital speculative investment."

"Has the Argentine Railway boom gone far enough, think ye?" The Solicitor asked.

"When Rosies go to 120 and Pacifics go to 130, you can sell. Before those prices are reached, it would be waste of money to get out. Well, here we are. Where's my—where's my hat? It's a brand-new one. Someone's been and left this shabby old bowler and taken my—Where the—"

"I thought he dropped out rather quietly," explained The Engineer.

SOME GOOD INDUSTRIALS.

Several Industrial concerns whose shares have been from time to time recommended in these Notes have issued their reports for 1907 in the past few days, and in every case the results are eminently satisfactory. The *Maypole Dairy Company* has rather more than held its own, the profit for the year being £187,284, as against £186,299 in 1906. This may be regarded as quite satisfactory in view of the higher cost of tea, and other products of the Company, and the turnover for the year shows an actual increase of over £400,000. The daily papers are filled at present with reports of the rise in the price of butter, which should lead to an increased demand for the bonâ-fide substitutes sold as Maypole Margarine. The demand for this is already greater than the factory can supply, and the works are being extended as rapidly as possible. At their present price the Deferred shares return over 7½ per cent., and the cumulative Preferred Ordinary nearly 6 per cent. As I have before pointed out, the strength of the Company's position consists largely in the fact that its employés are directly interested in its success. A still better report is that of the *Rosario Nitrate Company*, whose profit has increased from £102,109 in 1906 to £154,759 in 1907. Notwithstanding this enormous increase, the same dividend of 8 per cent. is being paid; but £50,000 is carried to the Reserve Fund, as compared with only £5,000 last year. Why this very conservative policy has been adopted will no doubt be explained at the meeting, but the result is greatly to strengthen the financial position of the Company; the investments and cash in hand and on deposit in the present balance-sheet figuring at £166,000, against £79,000 in the previous report. At their present price the shares return about 6 per cent., which is a low return for a Nitrate company, but the point to be remembered in connection with this Company, which is one of the best-managed of the companies, is that the Debentures are being steadily redeemed; the total amount outstanding on Sept. 30 last was only £147,600, out of an original total Debenture debt of £750,000. The amount redeemed in the twelve months was £47,000. By September next, therefore, the total debt will be only £100,000, against which the Company has a reserve fund of £95,000. It will be clear, therefore, that as soon as the remaining Debentures are paid off the Company will be able, with profits on anything like the present scale, to pay at least double the present dividend, and it is this which makes them a sound investment, likely to improve in value, and paying well in the meantime. I have left myself no space to deal with the third Company to which I intended to refer—namely, *Harrod's Stores, Limited*—and must confine myself to pointing out that the figures show a steady progressive improvement. The dividend for the year is 24 per cent., against 23 per cent. last year, £2 00 more is placed to reserve, and £3000 more is carried forward. Although these figures seem to have disappointed the market, there is nothing in them at which any of your readers who are shareholders are likely to cavil.

Q.

SKINNER'S "MINING MANUAL."

The twenty-second issue of this useful book has just reached us, and we can cordially recommend those of our readers who are interested in mining ventures to obtain a copy. Over three thousand three hundred companies are dealt with, and the information given is taken up to date in a most remarkable manner, the highest and lowest prices given being those ruling on the 18th of January last. The work is divided into three sections and is furnished with a complete alphabetical index. The preface contains, as usual, a valuable sketch of the mining features of the last year, and the list of mining directors and secretaries enables the connection between the various companies and mining groups to be traced by anyone who knows how to use it. Altogether the book is quite up to the highest standard of excellence, to which Mr. Skinner has accustomed the public; more we cannot say.

Saturday, Feb. 15, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NATALIA.—The Syndicate is of no standing, and should not be dealt with. They charge about 25 per cent. above market prices. The best of the bonds are quite easy to deal in, and if you will consult N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., they will quote the proper price and advise you.

F. R.—Your letter was answered on the 12th inst.

GOLLIWOG.—Concerning your list, we think Nos. 1, 2, and 3 speculative Mining risks, No. 4 a good Company, No. 5 a very speculative Industrial, but said to have had a good winter season; No. 6 a good Mining risk.

J. R.—The financial position of both Companies is very good, and they are both high class. If the trade boom of the last year continues, they are worth present price; but our own opinion is that we are in for a reaction, and we doubt if either of them will go higher.

OASIS.—We prefer No. 1, and consider it a good speculative mining risk. No. 3 is a gamble, and the price is low because the market does not think the returns can be kept up. We have no inside knowledge. The capital is large and the grade of ore low.

ZAMBESIA.—It is clear more money must be raised. Get out on any rise. Don't deal with the touts you name; we should consider them very unsafe.

F. W. P.—Your letter was answered on the 14th inst.

DONEGAL.—The whole of the Cuban Railways are suffering from a bad sugar crop. We are holding our own stock. The difference in price between the Bahia Blanca and Villa Maria guaranteed stocks is inexplicable. The security is identical, as you say. We doubt if you can deal so as to make money out of an exchange.

INFANT.—Yes; you ought to be able to get 5 per cent. for your money. Buy (1) B.A. and Rosario Railway Ordinary, (2) River Plate Gas shares, (3) Foreign, American, and General Investment Trust Deferred stock. Invest £1000 in each.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following should go close at Windsor: Bracknell Hurdle, The Alant; Falstaff Steeplechase, Clandon Lad; Curfew Hurdle, Edge Off; Wednesday Hurdle, Zampa; River Steeplechase, Genuine; Royal Steeplechase, Snuff; Staines Hurdle, Galdale; Claremont Steeplechase, Wacouta; Weir Steeplechase, Spangle; Bridge Hurdle, Birdcraft; Thursday Hurdle, Silurian. At Lingfield the following may run well: February Hurdle, Balavil; Southdown Steeplechase, Denmark; Groombridge Steeplechase, Abelard; Gravetye Hurdle, Crescent; Guest Hurdle, Proud Lady; Stayers' Steeplechase, Bush Rose; Lingfield Steeplechase, Royal Rouge; Amateurs' Steeplechase, Calcot; Hever Hurdle, Solano; Cobham Hurdle, Nunkie.

THE MERE MAN.

THE ENORMITY OF LONDON.

THERE is no end to the increase of the Metropolis, which Cobbett termed the "great wen," and humorists of the Middle Victorian era called the "little village." In spite of these two insults it grows and grows, and what "our ancestors, could they be resuscitated," would think of it, passes imagination. Even in Queen Elizabeth's time they thought it too big, and the same idea cropped up in the days of Queen Anne and of George III. We have now grown accustomed to its size, and no longer fancy that it is too big; in fact, our chief fear is that it will be surpassed some day by one of the comparatively mushroom cities across the Atlantic. No city in Europe seems likely to equal its growth, though America may possibly some day produce a town of similar size.

Meanwhile the L.C.C. has issued a statistical abstract which gives some idea of the vast size of London and some illuminating comparisons. Within the County of London there are nearly half a million houses, shops, or warehouses, of an annual value of over four and a half millions, and hotels and public-houses valued at over two and a half millions per annum. Strangest of all, there are farmhouses to be found within the London boundaries, and it would be an interesting competition if some newspaper were to offer its readers a prize for a list of these relics of the last century with their photographs. The Mere Man knows of two little farmhouses within the boundaries, but no doubt there are others in the north and east which still survive. It is not so long ago that Lord Portman's ancestor kept his cows where Portman Square now is; but all farmhouses have long vanished from that part of the world.

In London we have a good share of everything that is going in England and Wales. For example, we have fourteen out of every hundred of the population, thirteen and a half out of every hundred men, and fourteen and a bit out of every hundred women. Fifteen per cent. of the marriages are celebrated in London, and our births and deaths number equally thirteen and a half out of every hundred. We only possess four and a half per cent. of the schools, but on the other hand we have a proud pre-eminence in the matter of aliens—undesirable or otherwise—for fifty-four and a half in the hundred live in London. We pay twenty-one per cent. of the income-tax, twenty-two per cent. of the death duties, are responsible for thirty-two per cent. of the exports and for fifty-three and a half per cent. of the imports, while we owe a solid quarter of the local debt of the kingdom. This is a good share, and the figures bring before us in a most striking manner the importance of London to the Empire.

The exploits of the Suffragettes lend especial piquancy to the fact that there are many more women in London than men, and it is, no doubt, the fear of what might happen if woman rose in her might that makes our rulers so harsh with the more militant of the sisterhood. For it is an appalling fact that the superior sex outnumbers Mere Man by about a quarter of a million, the figures being, women, 1,712,552, and men, 1,466,115. Mere Man has evidently been dancing on a volcano, and it is to be hoped that the Suffragettes are too much occupied to read these figures. That out of all this host there should be more spinsters than bachelors will cause no surprise, but it is odd that there should be nearly sixteen thousand more married women than married men, and over twenty-five thousand more widows than widowers. London seems to have an attraction for widows, and also for grass widows, who have to live somewhere while their husbands are doing the work of the Empire on some distant frontier; and, no doubt, the great army of girls employed in shops accounts for the preponderance of spinsters. And so Mere Man is left in the minority in the capital of the world.

London is every day being recruited from the provinces, as we all know; but still, out of every thousand Londoners no fewer than six hundred and sixty-eight were born in London, while two hundred and sixty came from the rest of England. It will, perhaps, cause some surprise that only thirteen per thousand were born in Scotland, and that the Irish-born are just one per thousand more than the Scotch. Somehow, we fancied that the numbers must be greater than this; but these are the figures, duly published by our lords the L.C.C., and no one will venture to dispute them. The cosmopolitan nature of London is proved by the information that no fewer than thirty-six out of every thousand residents in town were born in foreign countries—truly an enormous proportion. The true-born Cockney is rather at a discount, for, setting aside women and children and those born outside the Bills of Mortality, he is only about one in five of the population, even if we assume that Bow Bells can be heard all over Greater London, which is supposing a good deal.

We Londoners have a great mass of correspondence, for the G.P.O. delivers us in each year as many as one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven million packages, of which seven hundred and sixty-seven million are letters. We also send considerably over twenty-seven million telegrams, and shout "Hullo!" through more than forty-one thousand telephones, so that we keep ourselves pretty busy in that way. We also take three hundred and fourteen million tram rides, and three hundred and ten million expeditions in omnibuses. Therefore, like Tarsus in the old days, it is evident that London is no mean city.

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